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Great Britain and the Dominions Overseas

FLAPPER SILK CLAD DESPITE THE WEATHER

Psychologists Puzzled by Nonchalent Challenge of Vagaries of London's Winter Climate

DIAPHANOUS WEBS MEET ICY BLASTS

Arctic Gusts Fail to Make Theatre-Going Fair Ones Cover Necks and Chests on Reaching Street

PSYCHOLOGISTS are puzzled by the apparent indifference to the vagaries of the English climate displayed by the younger generation of women of the Old Country. Many who have joined in mixed bathing parties in the Summertime have noted that women generally seem able to stay in the water much longer than the men. They ascribe this to an extra layer of fat with which women are supposed to have been endowed by nature as an added protection beneath their softer skins.

Others suggest that the gradual lightening of clothing throughout the years in accordance with the dictates of fashion have hardened their constitutions and made them almost insensible to sudden changes of temperature.

Illustrated papers of London feature scenes of lady physical culture classes clad only in bathing suits and slippers skipping along and enjoying themselves in the snow-covered landscape of the neighborhood.

Mrs. Margaret Evans, one of London's hardiest nonagenarians, confided that in her young days she always wore three flannel petticoats, "come hot or cold in the Wintertime."

Few London girls could lay claim to one garment of flannelette today. At any rate, when the thermometer was far below freezing point recently and the West End streets were swept by Arctic gusts, scores of women walking supremely unconcerned from the theatres even troubled to cover bare necks and chests with the fur coats which in each case left silk-stockinged legs exposed, and in many cases a Spanish shawl or the flimsiest wrap seemed sufficient.

Visitors from icebound countries, themselves inured to Arctic winds, have marveled at the hardihood or daring of the young women in London. Young Miss London, or the majority of her, has not lowered her flimsy skirts even to the knee to meet these icy blasts. She is still wearing silk stockings and shoes of the thickness of brown paper.

Her fellow male travelers in train and omnibus are muffled to the ears. Many would confess to wearing heavy stockings in lieu of socks, and a warm girdle of wool. But not so the plucky young Miss London. She will slip off her short cloak in a tea room and be all ready for the dance.

READY FOR NEXT WAR

Former R.A.M.C. Member Plans Counter Gas Attack Organization in London

Memories of the first gas attack at Ypres in 1915 were recalled by Dr. F. R. Humphreys, late major attached to the R.A.M.C. (T), lecturing at the Royal Sanitary Institute in London recently. He said it was a clear indication as to what would happen to undefended civilians in the event of another war. It was proposed that an organization should be formed, divided into four sections. The first would have the duty of getting gasproof rooms in each house, while the second would clear the roads by the use of chemicals. The third section would decontaminate the clothing of those who had been exposed to gas, and the fourth would consist of voluntary workers for giving first aid and providing for removal to hospitals.

SCOTS BOY SCOUTS

Australia Offers Inducements to Glasgow Lads to Migrate to Antipodes

The Glasgow and District Boy Scouts Association has been offered an opportunity of recruiting parties of Scouts between fifteen and nineteen years of age for settlement in Australia under a special nomination scheme for Victoria. The cost of the passage of those up to seventeen is $27.50, plus $10 landing money. For those from seventeen to nineteen the cost will be $65, inclusive of landing money. Nominees travel in parties of not more than ten under the care of a Senior Scout. Only Scouts who are active members of the troop who have a good character and physique may avail themselves of this special arrangement.

Husband (entering and seeing the movers bringing piano downstairs) —Good Heavens, Madge, what's this? Didn't I leave you the instalment money for the collector?

Wife—"S-sh! I'm going to pay them as soon as they get it down. I decided to have the piano in the front parlor.

GATE CRASHERS START

London Hostesses Start Campaign Against Outrageous Conduct of Well Known Disorderly Set

The gate-crashing season has begun.

Society hostesses, it seems, are to be subjected to the uninvited guest campaign again this season.

Mrs. Reginald Coke, who gave a party at a studio in Glebe Place, has been one of the earliest attempted victims.

"A party of seven young people, all in fancy dress, tried to force their way into my party," she told The Daily Mirror.

"I happened to meet them at the door, and I told them quite nicely but very firmly that they were not on the list of invited guests and that the party was already quite full.

"As they were in fancy dress I suggested that they might go on to one of the night clubs. But it was all done very politely.

"What makes it curious is that the leader of the party telephoned me earlier in the day and asked if he could come and bring some friends. I had to tell him that he could not, as there was not room for more at the party."

It is understood that the gate crashers included a peer's son and an ex-minister's daughter.

Mrs. Milroy Hitchin and Mrs. Ivor Morgan, of Pelham Lodge, Knebworth, joint hostesses at a dance in a London hotel, through the press warned their guests to bring their invitation cards with them.

MISSING GIRLS SOON LOCATED

Little Granddaughter of Former Lieutenant-Governor of B.C. and Her Maid Cause Commotion

TAKE TWO DAYS' TRIP TO IRELAND

London papers contain fuller particulars of the temporary disappearance of Miss Muriel Dunsmuir from her mother's hotel in London, early last month, which event was referred to in press dispatches at the time.

The girls were Muriel Dunsmuir, the eleven-year-old daughter of the late Mr Robin Dunsmuir and granddaughter of the late Mr. J Dunsmuir, formerly Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, and Rose O'Grady, an Irish girl employed as a waitress in Lytton Hall Hotel, Putney, where Mrs. Robin Dunsmuir and her family of four children were staying.

They were recognised in Wexford, Ireland, two days afterward by a guard who, after reading the description of the missing girls, motored with another guard to Castlebridge village, about three miles north of Wexford. There, in a house, he found a girl who answered to the description of Miss O'Grady. At first she was reluctant to disclose any information regarding herself or her companion. Later she admitted her identity and said that Muriel Dunsmuir was in bed. They had booked rooms for a week. Inquiries, it is said, had been made by Miss O'Grady with the object of booking a hall in Wexford, where they were to appear in a stage production under the names of Lily Leaf and Polly Leaf. Muriel Dunsmuir gave as her reason for leaving home that they were "fed up with London life and wanted to get out of it."

Miss O'Grady was taken to the Civic Guards' Barracks, while Inspector Lambert took the younger girl to his house.

In an interview Miss O'Grady said Milena, which she explained was Muriel Dunsmuir's pet name, had told her at the hotel at Putney that she was going to save up to run away, producing a book in which she had entered the clothing she would require when she went.

"She asked me to take her to Ireland," she said. "We started making preparations for our departure by doing some packing.

"I did not intend to leave until Saturday, but on Wednesday Milena came to me and said, 'All the school knows I am going to run away. What shall we do?'

"I replied that we would have to get out between five and seven o'clock. I went down and bought the tickets and ordered a taxi. I put the luggage into a taxi and Milena and myself set out for Paddington by bus.

"I had a green coat on and a red one also so that I thought they could not trace me. We got into the train and came on to Wexford."

Miss O'Grady said they contemplated taking up dancing as a livelihood, and if they could not get a hall she proposed taking up domestic service to earn money to keep Miss Dunsmuir.

"I am very fond of Milena," she added, "and I intended to ask some of my friends to take her in while I would be at work."

HONORS LADY ASTOR

Viscountess' Constituency of Plymouth Heads List of England's Most Sober Cities

The town of Plymouth, one division of which is represented in the House of Commons by the champion of prohibition, Viscountess Astor, proudly announces that it heads the list of twenty English cities and towns for sobriety. Prosecutions for drunkenness in twelve months averaged only twenty-six per thousand of the inhabitants, against four in the previous year.

PRINCE'S TRIP TO COALFIELD HAS EFFECTS

Despite Alleged Pressure to Have Heir to Throne Abandon Northern Visit, He Carried Out Plan

IS NO LONGER MERE STATE FIGUREHEAD

Private Interview With Mr. Baldwin After Tour of Inspection May Have Far-Reaching Effect

IT is everybody's secret in England that the utmost pressure was exerted to have the Prince of Wales abandon his tour of the northern coal field, but the Heir to the Throne stood on his rights to visit the distressed mining areas, the same as any other district. His visit to the northern mining field was accordingly staged, and this, with his subsequent conversations with Premier Baldwin, may have far-reaching consequences, says the London correspondent of The N.Y. Herald-Tribune.

The Prince, apparently, has made up his mind that he has the right to express his views on national questions, even if doing so involves him in party politics. For the present, it is stated, the Prince is content with expressing his views privately to the King's Ministers, but it is obvious they cannot always be kept private. The idea that the Sovereign and Heir Apparent must not concern themselves with politics is in any case only of Victorian growth, and even Queen Victoria, though she never actually dismissed a Minister, in her younger days always favored the Conservative party.

With the popular prestige which he enjoys, it would not mean the end of the British Monarchy if the Prince of Wales became identified with the support of any particular policy. Probably, on the contrary, the mere fact of his support of a policy involving any big question, such as the future of the mining industry, would suffice to raise it out of party politics.

One fact, however, seems certain. The Prince of Wales will not remain much longer a mere ornamental figurehead who must exercise no influence of any kind in political affairs and never open his mouth to speak on matters that profoundly affect the welfare of the country.

FORTUNES LOST BY BAD HANDWRITING

Leading London Merchant Stresses Enormous Waste Caused by Poor Manuscript

A discussion of commercial and general interest has followed a lecture given at Fulham by Mr Richard Burbidge, general manager of Harrods, London. To an audience of about 1,000 girls who were leaving school Mr. Burbidge said that thousands of pounds were lost each year by large stores solely on account of bad handwriting. At Harrods they had to insist now on block capitals being written on bills in order to avoid mistakes when these thousands of bills went up to the countinghouse. They also had to employ a man to do nothing but check up bad writers. He appealed to the girls to take care of their writing. As for other business men, it is stated, the script writing taught to the youngest children in London's elementary schools has few supporters among them. Their chief argument is its slowness, though some hold, too, that it is of no value as a preparation for ordinary writing. The main complaint, however, is that handwriting of every sort is being neglected in the schools. Even in elementary schools, it is said, the copybook is no longer used and the teaching of handwriting or the insistence on good handwriting ceases in the upper standards.

The experience of the banks is like that of the stores. Half the boys from secondary and public schools who offer themselves as candidates for service in the Bank of England fail in the preliminary handwriting test. The big banks have hundreds of cheques daily which need careful examination and sometimes inquiry, and this trouble, according to an official of the Midland Bank, who has given his views, has grown since the war.

TEN YEARS IN BED

After Thirteen Operations Ex-Soldier Succumbs to Injuries Received on Battlefield

After having been confined to bed for over ten years, during which time he had undergone thirteen operations, Mr Albert Couzens, an ex-soldier, has died at Newton Abbot (Devonshire). Mr. Couzens was in action with the Dragoon Guards in 1918 when his horse was shot under him. The animal rolled on him and he sustained serious injuries. His last operation took place a week before he died.

Magnificent Present Made to Labor Party

EASTON LODGE, DUNMOW, ESSEX

This country mansion, the property of the Countess of Warwick, has been donated by Her Ladyship to the Labor Party of Great Britain as a home for Ruskin College, now at Oxford. Warwick Castle, the hereditary seat of the Warwick family, is now vacant and is seeking a tenant.

SAMOAN UNREST

Former Native Minister Advises Dominion Government Concerning Present Trouble

Sir Maui Pomare, who was Minister to the Cook Islands in the Reform Party government, in a statement to the New Zealand press, suggests that an attempt should be made to reconcile the Samoans by reconsidering the policy regarding deputations, depriving native chiefs of their hereditary titles, and the extension of the franchise, in order to give Samoan taxpayers real representation. The Samoans, he says, would not consider this a weakness, as they know that the Government must be paramount. He suggests that further improvement and a reduction in financial charges would be possible if native Samoans were trained for the public service as in the Cook Islands.

CITY OF KEYS HAS SUCCESSFUL PLAN

Birmingham's Municipal Savings Banks Now Have $46,000,000 on Deposit

Keys have received a new and modern symbolism in the city of Birmingham, England. From mediaeval times the bestowal of "the keys of the city" has meant in the Western World the award of an honorary distinction upon a visitor or citizen who proved himself worthy of special honor. In the most ancient church the "Keys of St Peter" have carried a significance deriving from Matthew xvi, 18. Now in Birmingham, which has come to be nicknamed the "city of keys," the emblem of security is associated with economy and thrift. All forty-six branches of the new municipal savings bank hang above their entrances a sign in the form of a brass key.

The sign marks the portals through which one in every four of the city's inhabitants carry their savings. Since 1919 deposits have grown to the equivalent of $46,000,000 and increase at the rate of $5,000,000 a year. The civic value of this is regarded as very great on the supposition that the pennies involved formerly were "frittered away." The plan originated in war days when Neville Chamberlain was Lord Mayor and Britain needed to stop economic leaks.

After the war the municipality took over the work and made it permanent. Branches were started in butcher shops, barrooms, public bath ticket booths and firemen's huts. Establishment of the bank and its branches did not cost the city anything. Deposits may be from a penny upward, and, to insure the casual extra change, toy banks have been presented to 22,000 households.

CRYPTIC WELSH

Two Syllables Encompasses Name Requiring Two Lines of Type for Activities

Sir Robert Thomas, Liberal member from Anglesea, has called attention in the House of Commons to the remarkable fact that a village with the highly polysyllabic name of Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobdrobwllllandvaillogogogoch, is pronounced Llanfair. Although it takes two lines of type to spell, it is to have an English postmaster. Inconvenience, Sir Robert said, had arisen because some villagers could speak no English, and the postmaster, it is reported, knows no Welsh.

STUDENTS' GOOD WORK

Glasgow students have through the generosity of a city business man, established a new record collection with their charities carnival.

The total announced on Sunday was £15,800, and it was felt that but for the epidemic of influenza, which reduced the number of collectors by over 1,000, last year's record of £16,500 would have been passed. Next day the students received a cheque for £1,000 from a Glasgow man who desires to remain anonymous. Together with smaller sums, they will now be able to allocate to charities £17,000.

SEE GODSEND IN COLD SNAP

British Coal Industry Experiences Very Definite Improved Conditions Owing to Export Demand

SHIPBUILDING AND STEEL TRADES BOOM

British trade and employment returns, now published, both show that definitely improved conditions in exports, chiefly owing to the extraordinary coal trade revival, have been the highest in fifteen months, while the number of unemployed has fallen by 100,000 in four weeks. Supplies of coal at the mines for February shipment were all sold out by February 9 and exporters say there is very little available for dispatch in March.

Cold weather was among the chief factors in spurring the demand for house coal. Gas works everywhere are under heavy pressure, customers' needs having compelled them to place urgent emergency orders. Shipping has been on the upgrade for several weeks, and orders for bunker coal are heavier than expected, so much so that many vessels have sailed without as much fuel as their masters would have purchased had coal and loading spaces been available.

The British iron and steel industry, stimulated by large orders from the shipbuilders, and aided as well by the higher price of continental iron and steel, is in the market for a larger quantity of coal. Even the iron works of the west coast of Scotland, which have been the quietest of any in the British Isles, report a demand for their products.

On top of all this has come the almost complete retirement from the export market, temporarily at least, of Polish coal, which has been the most serious and most disorganizing factor with which the British export coal industry has had to contend. Extremely heavy falls of snow in large areas in Poland are greatly handicapping railways, and shipments of all goods from Upper Silesia, which must be shipped over railway to tidewater, had to be suspended.

EGYPTIANS START LONDON AGITATION

Nationalist Wafd Party Campaign in England for Return of Old Constitution

An eight-page quarto monthly, Egypt, has opened the Wafd campaign in London for the restoration of the Egyptian Constitution. It openly declares that Egypt "cannot be governed in opposition to the Wafd, which is the Egyptian nation." It mentions the suspension of the Egyptian Parliament last year for three years by King Fuad and says the opposition of the Wafd had brought England to the following alternative: Either to get out of Egypt or to restore her pre-war dominance through the King just as she had formerly ruled through the Khedive. She chose to remain.

The suppression of the Wafd organ at Cairo last December had been explained in London on the ground that it contained a certain article tending to excite treason against the government and throne. The Wafd explanation, received by Egypt from Cairo, runs as follows:

"The Government has suppressed the newspaper Wadi-el-Nil on the pretext that it had published an article calculated to excite the people's minds against the present regime, and on account of its considered audacity toward the King. The article impugned contained only an account of news which has been already circulated in all circles concerning the High Commissioner's last visit to the King in Alexandria."

DAILY ICE SWIMMER

Britain's Septuagenarian Bather in Freezing Water Dies in London

The man who made all Britain shiver has died in his London home. He is Richard Ledger, a septuagenarian who had the hobby of breaking the ice on the Serpentine water in Hyde Park for his daily swim before breakfast. He never wore an overcoat, a sheet of brown paper under his waistcoat being the only extra protection against cold weather. "My proudest possession," Mr. Ledger said recently, "is a letter from King George congratulating me upon my exceptional vigor. I once met the King as I was returning from my dip. He was riding with the Prince of Wales, Prince Henry and Prince George. They all shook hands with me." Mr Ledger's coldest bath was in 1891, when it was freezing and snowing so hard that he had difficulty in getting into his clothes after the swim.

NEW ZEALAND NATIVES VOTE

For Sixty Years Maoris Have Exercised Franchise Electing Five Aborigines to Local House

INDEPENDENT PLAN RECORDS OPINION

One of the good features of British dealings with the aboriginal people of New Zealand is that for sixty years the Maoris have had their own representation in Parliament. Four members are chosen to represent the Maori race, three in the North Island and one in the South. Two of these members, who have represented their constituencies for many years, are well-known figures and have been honored by the King. Sir Maui Pomare is a member of the Coates Ministry. Sir Apirana Ngata belongs to the United Party under the leadership of the veteran Liberal, Sir Joseph Ward. Sir Apirana Ngata took a law degree as a young man but decided to devote himself to the uplifting of his people. His aim is to Europeanize the Maori without cutting him off entirely from his own culture.

The Maori election is held on the day before the European. Natives do not vote in the European way. There is no ballot box. The returning officer and his assistant sit in a room to which voters are admitted one at a time. The voter is required to satisfy the officer that he is entitled to a vote. Then the officer reads out the names of the candidates, and the one that the Maori fancies is written down on the prescribed form, and the assistant witnesses the act. The two officials are forbidden to disclose how the Maori has voted.

Since the returning officer is required to know Maori, it is possible to record the votes of natives who know no English. As the years pass there are fewer such voters. Out of a total Maori population of 60,000, less than 20,000 votes were recorded this year. Probably a large proportion of those who did not vote were half-castes who preferred to vote at the European elections the following day.

MAGPIE AND PHONE

Wire Sprig Used in Building Nest on Pole Caused Short Circuit and Trouble

Telephone service between Melbourne and Albury, Australia, suddenly stopped recently and it was found that a magpie was the cause of the trouble. The bird had built a nest on the top of a pole, and being intent on making it durable and solid, snipped off several pieces of wire which had been left on the ground by repair men. One of the pieces was in contact with two of the wires of the line, causing a short circuit.

YEAR'S BEST RESCUE

Lifesaving Crew Save Eleven Lives in Fifty Minutes During Raging Gale

The London Board of Trade shield for the finest wreck service performed during 1928 was presented to the Lowestoft Rocket Lifesaving Company by Captain Rashleigh, Chief Inspector of Coastguards. The feat was performed on the occasion of the wreck of a Dutch steam trawler on the night of December 30 when, in darkness and a raging gale, a crew of eleven were rescued in less than fifty minutes—claimed to be a record—by new rocket apparatus put to practical test for the first time.

'FLU'S DEATH ROLL

Fatal Cases Number 321 in Week in Large Centres of Britain—London Has 77

In London and the great towns of England and Wales in one week there were 321 deaths from influenza, compared with 179 in the previous week. For London alone the number was seventy-seven. Of these seventeen were persons between fifty-five and sixty-five years of age, nineteen were between sixty-five and seventy-five, and eighteen were over seventy-five.

Ninety-six teachers and 6,000 children were absent from Portsmouth schools owing to illness, principally influenza and colds.

PAYING IRISH BONDHOLDERS

Creditors of Legendary Republic May Receive 30 Per Cent of Contributions To State Fund

$2,504,365 IN THE HANDS OF RECEIVER

The final distribution of more than $2,500,000 in funds of the Irish Republic may be made the coming Fall on a pro rata basis of about thirty per cent of claims, according to a report filed in the New York Supreme Court by "The Republic of Ireland," receiver of loans. The report recommends that the time limit for the filing of claims be not extended.

Although the receivers advertised regularly for claimants throughout the United States and other countries for fifteen months, the report discloses that only 132,806 persons of more than 300,000 who subscribed about $6,000,000 to the loans more than six years ago responded.

In the six months covered by the report, the receivers have had $2,664,258.16 on hand. The deduction of $159,892.67 for expenses leaves a balance of $2,504,365.49. The receivers allowed during this time 100,049 claims of persons who furnished conclusive proof of their identity and produced bonds which checked with the records of "The Republic of Ireland" held by the receivers. The bondholders filed claims aggregating $2,547,980.

GORDON MEMORIAL FUND NOW URGED

Governor-General of British Sudan Proposes Churches and Edifices to Honor Great Soldier

Major General Charles George Gordon, variously known in history as "Chinese Gordon," "Gordon Pasha" and "Gordon of Khartum," is to have a unique memorial. Not only a cathedral, the Khartum Cathedral, will be dedicated to him, but a church at Port Sudan and edifices at Atbara and other places throughout the Upper Nile Valley, the scene of so many of his triumphs and of his tragic death.

The idea for this memorial was proposed by Sir John L. Maffey, Governor-General of British Sudan, to Gordon's comrades-in-arms dispersed all over the world. He asks for contributions toward a fund of $300,000. The appeal is made just forty-four years after Gordon's death. The force reluctantly sent by the British Government to rescue Gordon after his siege of ten months within Khartum was only a two-days' march from the place when news reached it that it had fallen and with it Gordon under the spears of the fanatical Dervishes, just as he was leaving his office in the early morning. In two days more he would have been fifty-two years old.

Sir John Maffey's appeal bids Gordon's comrades-in-arms to raise a fitting memorial to the man "who at all times and everywhere gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering, his heart to God."

IRISH LOYALTY

Thrilling Scene Enacted as Duke of York Greets Football Teams at Twickenham

A thrilling and spontaneous demonstration of loyalty was given to the Duke of York by thousands of men and women from the Irish Free State when the King's second son stepped into the field at the Twickenham Rugby football ground and shook hands with the teams representing England and Ireland before the international match. Every spectator removed his hat and fervently sang "God Save the King."

TIDE ON TURN IN COALFIELDS OF HOMELAND

Increase of 500,000 Tons Weekly Seen in Present Output of Mines Over Production Last Fall

FOREIGN MARKETS BEING REGAINED

Despite Improved Conditions, Thousands of Colliery Men Will Never Work Again at Coal Face

THE tide is turning in the coal industry. It is believed that the period of depression is now passing, is the statement made in current London journals.

Losses are being written off and unproductive collieries abandoned, one by one markets lost to Germany and Poland are being recaptured.

In the Doncaster district the pits are working six days a week and a big improvement is noted in Yorkshire and the Midlands. One day recently all the available coal for shipment was bought up at Hull and there was no more until the mineral trains arrived in the sidings.

"The improvement," a mine official told a press representative, "is largely due to the new marketing scheme whereby coal is not produced unless it is sold. During the stoppage Northern Europe bought coal from Poland and Germany. The Polish owners made a great attack upon our markets and by paying starvation wages to their miners—averaging 3s. 9d. a day—were our most serious rivals. Now those countries which bought from Germany and Poland are returning to their old customer, Great Britain. The Polish miners have at last turned and demanded higher pay and shorter hours.

"As Yorkshire and the Northern coalfields supply Scandinavia and North Europe with coal we have reason for great optimism. The Yorkshire output has been increased and there is good news from Cannock and other districts, where household coal is now a paying proposition.

"Throughout Great Britain the coalfields are working on an average of nearly five and a half days a week—an increase of half a day on November last and a third of a day on December, 1927. In some South Wales pits the coal marketing scheme is in full swing and ships of all nations are waiting to be loaded.

"Spain and South America have returned to South Wales for their coal supplies. Two years ago these markets seemed lost for ever. As compared with the Autumn the output has gone up 500,000 tons a week."

While some of the productive mines are working towards high pressure there are thousands of men throughout the country who will never again be required to work at the coal face, says The Mirror.

PLENTY OF MONEY

Banking Returns Disclose Ample Supply of Wealth Available for Business, Says Dispatch

That there is an abundance of money in New Zealand is evident from the banking returns for the last quarter of 1928, says a press dispatch from Auckland, N.Z. There is an excess of deposits over advances of £3,500,000, whereas twelve months previously there was an excess of advances of £7,000,000. Hence in this period there has been an improvement in banking resources of £10,000,000. New Zealand banks do not pay interest on current accounts. This feature is considered not to be all to the good, in that much of this money should be employed in business and industry. The fixed deposits amount to £29,481,000, against £25,262,000 a year before. Fixed deposits have increased by more than £8,000,000 in eighteen months, whereas free deposits are lower by £2,261,000 than in March, 1927.

England

By HALLY CARRINGTON BRENT

Months of Europe 'cross the sea
Touring France and Italy,
Months of magic round us spun
Bring—when all is said and done—
Bring at last a sad unrest,
Put hearth-loving hearts to test.

Ah, but if there dawns a day
When our paths lead England-way,
England with her hedge and stream,
Moors and downs and Devon cream,
Old cathedral towns and towers
Grey stone walls a-drip with flowers,
Thatch and heather, cloudy skies—
Or is it mist before our eyes?

And like music sweetly sung
Ours—the same old English tongue,
Here a Darby meets his Joan,
Anglo-Saxon to the bone
We admit the hearts' turmoil
As our feet press England's soil,
Ah, forgive us, Paris, Rome,
This is England; this is Home!

—From "Moods and Melodies."

DICTATED, BUT NOT READ

By FREDERICK O. BARLETT
Illustrated by Armstrong Sperry

Miss Constance Davis, as a Private Secretary, Had Certain Definite Duties, and She Took Upon Herself Others That Complicated Life Terribly

SOMEHOW Miss Constance Davis had a notion that Fluke, Jr., was fundamentally sound, but, being only twenty herself, this opinion was perhaps not worth much. It ran counter to the evidence offered by the correspondence between father and son during the few months she had served as private secretary to Graydon Fluke.

As nearly as she could judge, the boy in this, his last year in college, was going the pace. The young man's picture on his father's desk was the likeness of a rather nice chap with good features. He was decidedly swanky in his dress—he ought to be on an allowance of three thousand dollars—and a bit cocky in his pose, but she noticed that he always met her eyes from whatever angle she looked at him.

The fact that he resembled his father also gave her confidence, for she knew enough of the older man to know that whatever mistakes he made were honest mistakes. Arbitrary, strong-willed, impatient, he was governed by one main purpose, to make his firm a leader in its field.

Complicated Ambition

THE death of his wife two years before had complicated this ambition, for most of the joy of effort lay in seeing her tender brown eyes smile approval. Her picture stood beside the boy's—a gentle, cultured, smiling woman, who held her head rather proudly. Yet, as Miss Davis came to know her—she was the sort of woman it was possible to know just by looking long enough at her—she realized that the source of that queenly pride had been these two men. Something of that feeling the older woman managed to convey to the younger, even through the medium of silent lips. And other things, besides—particularly when Fluke was dictating a letter to his son, as he was this morning.

"My dear Graydon," he began. "I have decided, after due consideration, not to comply with your request for five hundred dollars. The regular allowance I have provided for you should take care, not only of your legitimate expenses, but of those not so legitimate. Recent reports from the Dean's office indicate that the latter are increasing. Not only have you slumped in your marks, but in your conduct. I am advised that, unless you show an improvement in both, you will be requested to sever your connections with the college. I have warned you what that involves.

"Sincerely yours,"

"You may sign and mail," Fluke ordered as he turned back to his desk. As Miss Davis rose, her eyes met those of Mrs Graydon Fluke. It was one of those moments when the lips seemed to be trying to speak. For a second they held Miss Davis.

"Any question?" inquired Fluke.

"No, sir," answered Miss Davis, and hurried off

Clicked Salutations

SHE finished all the other letters he had dictated in turn, and it was an hour later before her nimble fingers clicked off the salutation to the boy. Here she made her first mistake. It was trivial enough, but she was not accustomed to making even trivial errors.

Instead of beginning "My dear Graydon," she had written "Dear Graydon." The difference was slight, but distinct. Referring back to copy, she made sure, and her ink eraser poised above the paper. She must insert the stiff little pronoun. Yet it seemed rather a pity. It was doubtful if Fluke himself realized how the personal note had been fading from his letters to his son. They were today scarcely more than business communications. Had Mrs. Fluke been alive—Miss Davis lowered her eraser and for a moment followed a new line of thought. Then, automatically, as though receiving dictation, her fingers began to play on the keys.

"Dear Graydon," she wrote, "I'd like to send you the money you ask for, but, after thinking it over, I've decided not to do so. Your allowance ought to take care of your regular expenses and still leave a balance. If it doesn't, that's probably because you're grown a bit careless, as we are all apt to do. Perhaps this explains the last report I received from the Dean. He's worried for fear you won't pull through. But I have enough faith in you to know you will. If you are in real difficulty, write me more in detail. With love,

"Your father."

Somewhat excited, Miss Davis drew the letter from the machine and read it again. She had said little more than Fluke himself, but, of course, that little was absolutely unwarranted. She would have torn it up on the spot had she not just then been called into the president's office to take down memoranda of a conversation. While she was doing this, Mrs. Fluke looked her approval. There was no mistaking it.

Accidental Mistake

WHEN Miss Davis returned to her desk, she was so pressed for time that she signed the dozen letters as a group and sent them on their way. It was a half hour later before she realized the mistake she had made. The more she thought about what she had done—half by design and half by accident—the more she realized what an intrusion it was, not so much into the life of Fluke, Sr., as into that of Fluke, Jr. Why should she pry into the affair?

She paid for this first venture outside her own sphere by a restless night.

When, two days later, Miss Davis found on her desk a letter from Fluke, Jr., to his father, she handled it as nervously as though it had been addressed to her. She was authorized to open personal correspondence, and she found that this was a brief note.

"Dear Dad." It read, "sorry I troubled you about the extra five hundred. I'll manage somehow, and don't worry about the Dean. Maybe I'll fool him next month. Drop me a line when you have time. Yours, G."

Now the thing noticeable about this short epistle, as distinguished from those that Fluke had been receiving, was its lack of aggressiveness. Miss Davis caught the difference at once. This was friendly and frank. In the last line there was a hint worth following up, the suggestion of a desire for a real letter from his father.

Unconscious Addition

PERHAPS Miss Davis read into the words more than she was justified in doing, but, at any rate, her fear vanished and she took the letter to Fluke Sr., placing it on top of the pile. He had glanced at it and laid it aside. Even the photograph of Mrs. Fluke was disappointed. Miss Davis saw her steady eyes cloud for a second. Then Fluke began dictating. He finished without referring in any way to the boy's note. No one else in the world but Miss Davis would have ventured what she did.

"Shall I acknowledge the reply from Junior?"

Fluke met her eyes. He might have been looking into two crystal pools. He smiled faintly.

"Oh, if you think we ought, do so."

With that, he turned back to his work and forgot the episode. But here was an opening. If she cared to take it.

It was Mrs. Fluke who dictated the second letter. Undoubtedly to many persons such an explanation will not sound reasonable. The fact remains that Miss Davis' fingers rattled over the keys without any conscious thinking on her part. Fluke, Sr., would never have wasted so much time as that on mere writing. And certainly Miss Davis herself had no reason for spending her hour in such fashion.

The only other person who might conceivably have been interested was Mrs. Fluke. Even Junior's father, hard-headed business man that he was, would have been the last to claim that her influence had died with her. Day in and day out there was no one who so encouraged him or who gave him such sound advice. Often enough, when deeply pushed, he locked his office door and went into consultation with that lovely picture on his desk. If such a procedure seemed a rational course for him to follow in practical, everyday affairs, he was in no position to sniff at Miss Davis' belief.

A Week Later

THE letter was finished and mailed. A week later there came a long scrawl that certainly Graydon Fluke, Jr., would have cut off his right hand before writing his father two weeks ago. Miss Davis read it with scared eyes

"Dear Dad," it began. "Your last letter gave me a new slant on you. It was more like the old days when mother and you and I used to talk over whatever was bothering us. For the last year or so I have had a notion you wouldn't understand. I see now that was only a foul idea of mine so here goes.

"I've never told you about a little girl I met last Summer, Georgiate Duval. She is on the stage, doing small parts now, but she's a real artist. A lot of managers have their eye on her and the movie people, too, but I've persuaded her not to sign with any of them. You see—well, of course, I can't expect to get married for a while yet, but I don't want her to be herself up.

"Now that's off my chest, I feel better. Perhaps this accounts for the bit of a financial hole I got into and perhaps, too, for my studies. But I'm going to settle down to hard pan now and be a greasy grind the rest of this college year.

"That's the only way, isn't it? Then when I'm out and have made my pile—believe me, this is something to look forward to. With love.

"Your son, Graydon."

On the advice of Mrs. Graydon Fluke, Miss Davis did not show this letter to Fluke. Her head went into his office with a bee hand along with the rest of the mail, but Mrs. Fluke seemed to shake her head, so she kept it out of sight. Late that afternoon, when everyone else had gone, she sat down at her machine, closed her eyes, and, with Mrs. Fluke's aid, wrote her reply.

Level-Headed Attitude

"DEAR Graydon, I appreciate your confidence. Of course, I am in no position to offer any opinion whatever upon Miss Duval herself. Until I have the pleasure of meeting the young lady, I must trust to your judgment entirely. You've made it easier to do this by the level-headed attitude you have taken toward finishing your college work and getting established in business before assuming any new responsibilities.

"I suppose there is no step in a fellow's life quite so important and quite so risky as that of choosing a wife. I took the same risk myself, and all I can say is that I was very fortunate. How fortunate I have realized more and more during the two years that your mother has been away. It is that which leads me to offer the hope that the girl you choose will be as much like her as possible.

"It is so difficult, Graydon, to form an honest judgment of a woman. Most of them are mysteries, and it is easy enough to, read into them whatever we will.

"I am going to make just one suggestion. Consult your mother in this affair. Women have a way of knowing each other. Satisfy her and you will satisfy yourself and me. Confide in your mother as I do. Sit in front of her picture and tell her about Miss Duval. You'll find her fair and unprejudiced and very wise.

"That's the only advice I give you. And, in the meanwhile, I wish you the best of luck. Let's hear from you soon.—Dad."

Without even reading the letter over, Miss Davis placed it in an envelope and mailed it. If she had not already realized what a mistake she had made when she let the first letter go, she discovered it in the course of the next few weeks. For Graydon came back with a series of letters in which he poured out all the emotions of his eager young soul. He had been waiting for this chance, and now, in his impetuous way, took full advantage of it. It was clear enough that what he was saying now was only a repetition of what he had said earlier to Miss Duval. She had offered herself at an opportune moment as a medium through whom he could express all the romance of his ardent nature. Whether she deserved it or not, did not matter. Probably she did not. Miss Davis was certain that no woman she had ever met could live up to any such extravagant ideal. This beautiful creature was all Graydon's own.

It seemed rather absurd for her to be meeting, for the first time, a man she knew so well.

Reading Junior's boyish letter.

Means Great Deal

BUT, of course, this meant something. In fact, it meant a great deal. For one thing it justified Miss Davis' original impression that the boy was fundamentally sound. No one could create such a glorious dream figure and not be. It was inspiring to know that any man still believe that a woman could boast such divine attributes. It made Constance proud of her sex.

But this was dangerous. She was panic-stricken at the thought of what might follow her meddling. Even Mrs. Fluke could not help her much any more.

In the daytime she felt better, and it was always in the daytime that she carried through her part of the programme that was growing more and more impossible.

Only the mother saved her from making one final mad confession to the boy and seeking refuge in sudden flight.

"Patience," Mrs. Fluke seemed to say to her. "We must see this thing through."

And so, after the close of business, Connie Davis sat down at her machine and received her dictation from this other woman. Connie was very, very careful not to allow any of her own thoughts to creep in. By closing her eyes tightly and thinking only of the picture of Mrs. Fluke on the desk in the next room she was able to do this. Often enough she marveled herself at the quietly sweet understanding and sympathy of some of those sentences.

"After all," she wrote once, "keeping the dream true is more than half of it, isn't it, Graydon? So long as we ourselves can keep our dreams true, then those dreams are true forever and forever. But each one of us must do his share. We must know that what we believe today we can believe tomorrow and the day after tomorrow. We must get below the surface."

Looking at Mother's Picture

AND one day the boy came back with this: "I think you must have been looking at mother's picture when you last wrote, for it was almost as though she was talking to me. We used to have a lot of get-togethers when I was home on vacations, and I miss them. I know something of the ache you must feel, dad."

It was lines like those that took all the strength out of Connie Davis' knees and sent her into Fluke, Sr. with her legs all wobbly. Fluke himself noticed it one day and queried.

"Tired, Miss Davis?"

"No, sir," she answered

"If I'm working you too hard, let me know"

"Yes, sir," she said.

But when was this thing going to break?

The answer came suddenly and unexpectedly after an ominous week of silence. It was just a jerky paragraph, unsigned.

"Dear Dad,—It's all off. There's no use going into details, but I found out things. I couldn't make the dream stay true. And yet there were some things about it. Oh, dad, it hurts. The only thing to do now is to forget it."

Connie Davis read that note through again and again. And, every time she read it she had a different emotion; first she felt a sort of wild elation, then a deep, deep sadness that made her want to cry, then a heavenly sense of relief, then a quiet glowing sense of peace, then a tremendous desire to sit down and and finally a queer kind of desire to say her prayers.

But Mrs. Fluke smiled.

"We must write him at once," she seemed to say.

The Easiest Letter

IN some ways this was the easiest of all the letters to write, in other ways the most difficult. This time it was harder than ever before to keep out her own thoughts. She could have filled a dozen pages with them had she let herself go. Even Mrs. Fluke seemed willing to sit back and let her alone. The girl wrote three letters and tore them up into very small pieces. Finally she wrote

"Dear son, I am sorry. There are some people who, pitting dreams against realities, seem to think the dreams are of little account. I am not one of them. To have had a splendid dream is to have had a great experience. And when something happens to it, the hurt is a real hurt. Perhaps it is harder to buck up to that sort of a blow than any other, but it is just as necessary, and in doing that, we must be careful not to lose our faith in dreams themselves. They represent the best part of us.

"Let's close the books on this episode, if we can. Perhaps it will be better if we don't talk about it. I have a notion your mother was somewhat worried from the start, but probably you know better than I about that. I myself was doubtful. Thinking solely of you and your future, I am relieved. Now I am willing to forget. That is easier for me than for you, but I think and hope—that it will be easier for you than I think possible at present. With best wishes, Dad."

The morning Fluke, Sr., as he finished dictating his reply to the last letter Miss Davis had brought in, asked a question.

"Did you acknowledge that note from Junior?"

"You mean several weeks ago?"

He nodded

"Yes, sir."

"I haven't heard from him since."

She did not reply. Her tongue was paralyzed for the moment.

"That's all," he concluded.

She rose and hurried from the room. She did not free him until the door was tightly closed behind her.

The Morning Mail

FOR a day or two her heart leaped to her throat every time she looked over the morning mail, but the bold, big-lettered handwriting with which she had become so familiar did not appear again that week. That fact should have satisfied her. It did. She had so to herself over and over again. She could concentrate on her office work, take her lunches regularly and go home promptly at closing time.

What young Fluke was doing or not doing now was none of her business and, if she were wise, never would be again. She took something of a silent oath to that effect. This whole affair had been just as much a matter of office business as the correspondence with Sanders, Bings & Tolson in re an order for ten thousand three-inch bolts.

And yet there must have been a difference of some sort, for, while she had no difficulty in forgetting the ten thousand three-inch bolts the moment she was back in her apartment, she found it anything but easy to keep Fluke, Jr., out of her mind. She tried singing; she tried reading; she tried sewing, and, while these various methods accomplished something, there were curious lapses.

It seemed that, during these last few weeks, he had become entangled with her life in all sorts of ways. She had rather got into the habit of thinking of him while busy about her household tasks. He had become a child for whom she was responsible.

That was it. Neither sentiment nor romance entered into these dreams. She was too sane and level-headed to indulge in any kind of schoolgirl nonsense. It was just that she had been given the care for a few weeks of a nice boy and had seen him through a somewhat grave and intimate crisis. Naturally it was natural an interest not to be forgotten in a minute.

During the next month Miss Davis managed to strengthen herself out pretty well and so, apparently, did Graydon Fluke. He wrote several friendly notes to his father about his college work, which was evidently picking up, and Fluke, Sr., reacted at once to these reports. His letters were longer, more human, and in one of them he enclosed a cheque for two hundred dollars. If Miss Davis had been presented with a bonus herself she could not have been more pleased. Junior deserved some reward for the way he was handling himself.

Junior's Class Day

IT was not long after this that Fluke took two days off and went to Junior's Class Day. And then, after a brief vacation of two weeks, Junior appeared in the office one morning with his father. Fluke stopped at Miss Davis' desk and said:

"Miss Davis, may I present my son?"

Had she not been so frightened she would have smiled. It seemed rather absurd for her to be meeting, for the first time, a man she knew so well.

"He's going into the factory next Fall," Fluke explained, "but I want him here this Summer to meet the organization. He'll help me."

Just what that meant Fluke probably did not know himself, but he had a desk and chair for the boy installed in his private office. This may have helped the president, but it did not help Miss Davis any while she took dictation.

Junior was courteous enough not to stare, but he had never seen girl boss made so rapidly and was naturally curious. Furthermore, he had never seen such long tapering fingers, the tips flushed a pretty pink, and he was naturally interested.

Going that far, it was inevitable that he should go farther and take into account her wholesomely beautiful face. There was not that precision of line in her brows and lips which Miss Duval had gained by a skilful use of pencil and lipstick, but there was a fragrance of expression that seemed to have its origin below the surface. The phrase Junior used to himself was "I'll bet she's a good scout."

Too Isolated

HE did not like this inner office, where his father sat all day. It was too isolated. So Junior fell into the habit of strolling out to Miss Davis' desk. When she was busy, which was most of the time, she did not pay any attention to him. When she was not busy, she pretended to be, but soon he learned to recognize the difference.

On one occasion he said to her quite unexpectedly, "Why don't you tell me what a fool I's think I am?"

"Why should I?" she stammered.

"You've been typing all of dad's letters to me for the last three months."

"And a great many other letters, too."

"Well?"

"It's part of the day's work."

"The thing I couldn't understand was what made dad change all of a sudden. He isn't that kind of a man."

"Well?" she asked in her turn, because she could think of nothing better to say. She would have given a good deal if the humor on her desk had called her into the inner office at that moment.

"Looks a bit queer."

"Perhaps he didn't change. Perhaps he was like that all the time inside."

"I'm sure of it," he admitted, "but he never wrote like that."

"Did you, before?" she asked suddenly.

"A fellow couldn't."

"Until you did your father had no way of Knowing what you were like, inside, had he?"

"Mother had."

Miss Davis glanced up in spite of herself and met those smiling grey eyes of his.

"Her picture is on his desk," she said.

"Yes. If she were alive, I'd say she had dictated those letters herself. But she isn't."

"And yet——"

"That leaves only you. It looks as though you figured a way to do the correspondence."

"Please," she said. "I am very busy." She slipped a sheet of paper into her machine and wrote as follows:

"New York, N.Y.

"Dear Sirs,—In re your favor asking for ten million three-inch bolts, would say that we can deliver the same in ten million days for ten million dollars, provided all good men rally to the aid of their country. For now is the time for all good men to rally——" and so on, down to the bottom of the page.

Graydon Fluke, Jr., grew tired of listening to the monotonous clicking and went back to his desk, where he belonged.

Office Gossip

LONG before the office began to gossip, Miss Davis knew that Junior was paying her a great deal more attention than he was justified in doing. She did not attempt to dodge the fact. Nor did she attempt to dodge other facts that followed in natural sequence. Had Graydon Fluke, Jr., been anyone else on earth other than Graydon Fluke, Jr.—No, that was not quite correct, either. He had to be just who he was to make her so miserably happy and so happily miserable. He had to be someone who had come into her life and into the secret recesses of her heart before he had fully identified as a tall, long-legged everyday man. He was so much more formidable name, so much more difficult to advise.

But her chief job, after all, was not to advise him, but to advise herself. And that she proceeded to do. It was simple enough. She had only to remind herself of certain obvious truths, that, as a young woman with a business career at stake, she must watch her step; that her obligation was to Fluke, Sr., and that, if she allowed this thing to go any farther, it would be her own fault. For there is always one thing any woman can do, and that is, make herself practically inaccessible.

And so, whenever Graydon came toward her desk, she proceeded to write another letter. In re ten thousand three-inch bolts. She must have written fifty of them during the month of August. When he discovered her luncheon place, she changed to another.

It was the next morning that Fluke, Jr., seated himself at his father's desk and pressed the button. Miss Davis took her notebook and responded, as it was her duty to do.

"Dictation, please," began young Fluke.

She seated herself, opened her notebook and sat with pencil poised.

"You might head this personal and confidential," said Graydon.

She did so.

"My dear Miss Davis," he began.

(Continued on Next Page)

At the White Miller's

By
GEORGE PEARSON

THE Vale of Glencoe is approached from Whycocomagh over a white ribbon of road that twists and turns amid small hills on the hips of which the white farmhouses of Cape Breton gleam like marble against green forests of hardwood and pine on hills the distant summits of which disclose the tiny figures of grazing sheep.

The country flattens out and the Vale of Glencoe lies revealed in all its beauty as a tiny bit of Scotland planted here. Of the fifty families in the vale, all but four or five are Campbells or MacDonalds, direct descendants of those who gave bloody fame to their name two hundred years ago when, in an older Glencoe, in Scotland, the MacDonald clan, to seal the peace just made, invited the Campbells to be their guests.

All the Campbells came and for six weeks of merrymaking partook of such hospitality as only Highland hearts may know, the MacDonalds turned out of their very beds for them. But the chief of the Campbells carried "Letters of Fire and Sword," a divine revelation privately received by him that all the MacDonalds, hereditary enemies of the Campbells, must be put to the sword. And in the night they arose and slew their hosts in their beds. That was the Massacre of Glencoe. But in Cape Breton the two clans now dwell together in amity.

The White Miller lived in the vale and there was to be a "Scotch picnic" at his mills that day. The name aroused curiosity and invited question. "O. Alec MacDonald's his name," a neighbor said, "but of course nobody calls him that. He's 'the White Miller'." There was glamor and great color in that fact, one felt one was stepping into an unknown world conjured from the past.

"The White Miller's quite comfortable," his neighbors said. A low-spreading group of white buildings in the heart of the vale, a grist mill run by a water wheel beside a dam on a hurling trout stream, a sawmill and a carding mill confirmed it. Here, all in the vale brought their logs to be sawed, their grain to be ground, and the wool from the backs of those sheep on the hill-tops to be carded ere they took it home to spin and weave into homespun cloth.

Patriarchal Miller

WHITE like his buildings, the White Miller towered, in spite of his seventy-odd years, a patriarch of noble proportions, a good six-foot-four of rough-cast Scots bone and muscle, the snowy white of his coarse and plentiful hair contrasting with the ruddy red of his strongly marked features.

In a land where every man's patronymic depends upon his physical appearance, some act of his life, his place of residence, those of his parents or some ancient similar association of his family, the White Miller, because of his mills, his white hair and white buildings was the White Miller, "Mhuiller Bahn" in the Gaelic, or "Alaistair Bahn," "White Alexander," never by any chance, plain Alexonder MacDonald. That would be only the English; and besides there were many Alexender MacDonalds there, but only one "White Alec." He peered under shaggy brows at the young woman amongst his visitors. "Has she the Gaelic?"

"No."

"Where was she brought up?" indignantly.

For an immense distance in either direction, both sides of the road and all the surrounding fields were covered with the spring wagons, buggies and little cars of the vale and of all the countryside for many miles about; the empty shafts of the former tilted skywards like a forest of spears while their horses nibbled contentedly at piles of hay against the sprawling rail fences.

All ages and conditions of men, women and children were in attendance at the picnic, which, although starting early in the forenoon, was to last well into the following morning. Except for the benefit of visitors, all conversation was carried on in the Gaelic. The entire occasion was merely in the ordinary routine of life for these descendants of an ancient race who in the most matter-of-fact way were thus maintaining their traditions.

"Failte oirn," "Good day," was met politely with "Failte oir bhain," "The same to you"; and polite inquiries of "An' how is the best o' carn?" meaning wife and children; and in quiet corners a dark bottle changed hands, too: "Slaindh!" "Your health!" to be met with: "Slaindh duibhain." "The same to you." So entirely natural was it that the very children romping in the miller's yard shouted at one another in the Gaelic; but at English words they stopped abruptly in their play and answered courteously in kind.

Frae Kenloch

OF the MacDonalds, sometimes called the Kenlecks because the MacDonald clan had lived near Kenloch in old Scotland, besides Alaistair Bahn the White Miller, the patriarch of the local clan, there was Ian Rudh, John the Red MacDonald; Big Dan or Dan Miramichi, both because he was the biggest Dan MacDonald hereabout and because his people once had lived on the Miramichi River in New Brunswick; Aonghas Iain a Thailer, Angus John the Tailor's son; and his father, Iain a Thailer, John the Tailor's son himself.

There was Alaistair MacDhougall ic Alaistair Roy, Alexander son of Dougall son of Red Sandy; Aonghas Mhac Alaistair ic Alaistair ic Calum, Angus son of Alexander son of Alexander son of Malcolm; Alaistair Dhombail Mhor Miramichi, Alexander MacDonald Miramichi; Aongas dhu Pipeir, Black Angus the Piper, Gentleman William who was own brother to James the Gentleman, and both of them grandsons to an ancestor who had served with "a gentleman in the Old Country"; Michael Suggary MacDonald, so called from the original abode of his family at Suggary in Scotland; Duncan Campbell Peter, John Campbell Peter's son; Duncan Neil Bahn McKinnon, Duncan White Neil McKinnon's son; Ian aic a Thailer John Beaton the Tailor's son, a sturdy young man who was studying in a Montreal seminary to be a priest, but who, here at the picnic of his people at the White Miller's resumed his ancestry, not only without affection but with just pride.

There was besides Archie Duncan the Bleeder; Sandy Ronial gobh, Sandy McMaster the Blacksmith; Archie Sandy Breach, Archie the son of Sandy McDonald who was pitted with smallpox, John MacDonald Manitoba, who had resided in Manitoba for some years; Domhall Aonghas Mhac ic Alaistair, Duncan MacDonald son of August son of Alec; and besides these men named for their own characteristics or those of their fathers or even their mothers, great fighters, great lovers, great workers; one was named John MacDonald the Widow because his mother was a widow which was the easiest fact at hand to distinguish him from a host of other John MacDonalds.

Real Scottish Barn Dances

MEN, great raw-boned giants, taciturn and grim, Scots, decently clad in black, pretty girls in snappy clothes, old women in bonnets and playing children intermingled in the moving panorama of the white Miller's yard. On a distant hillside amid the green of the forest gleamed the whiteness of the little church, its tall spire pushing skyward, and to one side, the local priest, for this was a flock of Highland blood and all were Catholics.

In the centre of the yard a wee lassie in tartans flung herself with Celtic ardor into the intricacies of the Highland fling.

In the centre of the yard, a wee lassie in tartan kilts flung herself with Celtic, ardor into the intricacies of the Highland Fling, accompanied by a piper—a braw, hairy-legged Highlander, who, as he piped the wild air, strode dreamily up and down the lot, oblivious to all else but the passionate clamor of that ancient music of his race.

Early though it was in the afternoon, the big barn already shook with the ardor of the main body of the dancers. The harrows and rakes and other implements piled upstairs out of the way for this occasion shook and rattled noisily, and the sleigh-bells on the shafts of the cutters and sleighs jingled merrily in fitful starts at each "thrump" of the dancing feet below.

The big room down there was dark and the floor was jammed with dancers, all swing, and two fiddlers sawed valiantly away in lively tunes to which the dancers circled and swung with Scotch determination in all the figures of the square dance to lusty shouts of "Swing her 'round," "All the way," "Grand right and left"; four sets going at a time and the moving figures barely discernible through clouds of rising dust which no one heeded.

But they took their pleasure sadly with stern and serious mien befitting their race; my own feet I could not keep from tapping, but no one else was moved; they danced grimly with few signs of joy, but with every Scottish indication of stern pleasure; only occasionally some wild spirit suffering from repressed emotions he no longer could conceal gave vent to the wild Highland cry of his race, aboriginal and primitive in its ferocious joy; and once a handsome years daredevil of a MacDonald worked his shoulders, flung his feet, shouted cheerily and wonder of wonders—laughed, but that was received in a stony silence marked only by the whine of the fiddle and the steady pound of feet on the floor.

Effeminate Sassenach

SCORNING such fancy new-fangled things as these square dances and the effeminate Sassenach music of the fiddlee in one of the smaller buildings the older people danced with great vigor and more joy than the younger ones. Scotch fours, reels and solo dances to the tune of the pipes; and at times the smaller children joined them. One of the Campbells, Donena, a dainty little ten-year-old girl, danced with precision, grace and dignity an old Scotch solo which brought from her elders wild Highland cries of proud acclaim.

Amid these older people each dance was a ceremony unto itself, and one set only occupied the floor while all others watched with faces less grave than those of the dancers as they stepped the intricate measures of dances as old as their race, taught them by their home hearth in childhood so that no shouts of direction now marred the beat of their feet nor the poetry of their movement; each dancer knew his steps, the men bowed and the women held their skirts out fanwise between thumbs and fingers, as with an ineffable grace that erased all other impressions, they curtsied to their partners, spun lightly on their toes and raised their arms aloft with the graceful sweep of birds' wings.

Impressive Dignity and Grace

THE older they were, the better they danced. Mrs. Matt Hawley was eighty-four and the best of the lot. The men were shy and needed coaxing to perform before so many strangers, but the women had no such trouble, and each woman wheedled and coaxed her man until she had him in the ring and a four made up, and once started the men forget all else but the braw sound of the pipes and the instinctive following of their feet.

With grave faces they danced. Donald MacDonald, Widow Finlay, Big Dan Miramichi, James MacDonald Gentleman and Mrs. Matt Hawley, whose ardor nothing could stop, and it was not until the last wail of the pipes and the last stump of their heels on the floor that the silence was broken by a frenzy of shouts and wild calls in which the characteristic Highland cry rose high above all others.

A stove so large it could not be got into the house stood in a corner of the miller's yard in a temporary shed that was open on all sides to views of the mountains of food it disgorged from its ovens and top, whence the hurrying figures of women almost as stalwart as their big-boned men carried it in endless procession to the long tables of the big room where, with true Highland hospitality, eating and drinking went on all day and night.

Dignity marked the women, and in spite of their generous proportions, beauty shone in many for their figures were not the result of self-indulgence but of the generous moulds a nature, and one woman, a giantess six and a half feet tall, was remarkable for the grace of her body and the perfect proportion of her noble features.

Scraps of conversation wafted by: "He wass a MacTonalt. One owf of the crazy MacTonalts!"

"I tell you who tolt me this whateffer iss. He wass Toctor— He wass Toctor ant a Protestant, but he wass a chentleman!"

A man from Mabou was singing too noisily in the dining-room, and the waiting women did not like it. The White Miller himself, mixing among his guests, encountered the man. He pulled his coat off, raging at the younger men who had suffered the man from Mabou! "If you fellows can't pull off your coat at thirty, I'll pull mine off at seventy!" but the man from Mabou slunk shame-facedly away.

"He is goot, Alaisdair Bahn," said one man who had observed this scene. "He can lick any man owf his pig ant heafy."

"Yes," seriously agreed the one addressed. "He is like that man who said: 'There iss only one petter man than me and that iss my sister!' The White Miller would be a hart man in a fight, inteed."

The vale was a Liberal hotbed. The White Miller said, "I may turn Presbyterian but I will nefer turn Conservative!"

And as the guests departed, the patriarch of Glencoe towered above them: "And tid you enchoy yourself . . .? Well, I am glat . . . Come to see me again. Pring anything you like but don't pring a Conservative!"

Famous Canadian Singer Has Pioneered

THE famous Canadian singer, Juliette Gaultier de la Verendrye, is an outstanding figure in the world of music today, as her ancestor de la Verendrye when he discovered the Canadian Rockies. It is unquestionably true that the pioneer spirit runs through not one generation, but many. Her work is unique for she combined music and anthropology scientifically—in reality pioneer work—and no person in any country could be better qualified, or have worked with more eminent men in the musical and scientific world.

Miss Gaultier was trained for the opera under Vincenzo Lombardi, teacher of Caruso. She won high honors as a violin pupil of Jeno Hubau, and was the only Canadian accepted as a pupil of the Royal Academy of Budapest. In the field of anthropology she has worked with Diamond Jenness, anthropologist of the Stefansson Canadian Arctic expedition, studying the Eskimo language with this collector. She has also had the distinction of working with the internationally known explorer, Vilhjalmur Stefansson. He has said of her singing: "Except for her cultivated voice, Miss Gaultier sings Eskimo songs just like an Eskimo. Her work, therefore, has great scientific, as well as musical value."

The folklore and music of many countries has long attracted the singer. Small hamlets in Hungary, Germany, Italy, Austria and various European countries, fascinated her in the early years of her career. In those days she liked to get in touch with gipsies and peasants, for their folk music always had an especial appeal, and she sang with them in their native tongue. This was a passing phase, for operatic roles, both abroad and in this country were soon part of her work. Making a success of this it lost much of its romance and the pioneer instinct insisted on forging unknown trails in the musical world.

The call of the primitive was obeyed and the longing to know something of barbaric music dominated her love for opera. She questioned how American primitives got more human elements into their rhythm than people of European countries. This was unsolved till she actually lived in Indian encampments, till she knew the chief and his tribe, visited in their tepees and sat by their fires.

The gathering of these songs was a difficult matter. Many were collected by Dr Edward Sapir, Marius Barbeau and the National Museum of Canada, James Tait and some by Miss Gaultier. Indians are shy, reticent and supersensitive and for this reason the work of collecting is slow and often arduous.

One night at dusk during her first visit, she decided to take a stroll. On leaving the rectory she saw a camp fire in front of a tepee. It was almost dark—one of those still, quiet nights which are so beautiful in the foothills of the Canadian Rockies—when she reached the tepee and was greeted by three Indians. A word or two was exchanged, but there was a momentary estrangement and she sat in silence watching the stars peep out one by one. Miss Gaultier was, however, ready for the occasion and asked if they had a tom-tom. It was produced and she tapped it several times before singing one of their own melodies. Surprise and rapt attention was depicted on each face as her glorious mezzo-soprano voice rang out in song after song, breaking the silence of the fading twilight.

Then old Cecil, a veteran of ninety-two, tried to return her kindness by singing a haunting melody of bygone days. After he narrated how the Stoneys came into the Rockies and cited the hardships of his ancestors. It is in similar ways that anthropologists and Miss Gaultier have collected the barbaric and primitive songs. She notates them with the aid of her violin. It should be stated each Indian song sung or chanted, is true to the dialect of each tribe. A tom-tom and sometimes rattles are used. The same can be said of her Eskimo songs, as Mr Stefansson affirmed.

Many of the French-Canadian songs were sung for the first time by this French-Canadian. Her latest contribution to the musical world are the religious miracle songs of Acadia, dating back to the sixteenth century. A recital of these songs, also the noels of New France, was given in St Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie around Christmas. Many of these noels were sung by the Huron Indians in 1640, having been translated into their language by Brebeuf, one of the first missionaries.

This well-known singer is an authority on Canadian folk music, Eskimo and Indian folk music and one which Canada can be justly proud in claiming as her own.

Why He Was Leaving

It had already struck the midnight hour when Brown heard a clattering noise outside his home. He investigated and found his neighbor moving.

"Leaving us, Smith?" he asked.

"Right, first go," said the other.

"What for—neighbors?"

"No."

"The rent hasn't been raised?"

"No, that's why I'm leaving."

"But surely—Great Scott! you don't object to that, do you?"

"No," said Smith, "not in the least, but the landlord does."

Trustworthy

A man mortgaged his home to buy an automobile. Then he went around and tried to mortgage the car to get money to build a garage.

"How are you going to buy gas?" curiously inquired the man of whom the loan was asked.

"Well," replied the other slowly, "if I own a house, a car and a garage, I should think my dealer would be willing to trust me for gas."

A beautiful creature named Hannah
Once stepped on an empty banannah
An act indiscreet,
For her feet left the street
In a very embarrassing mannah.

A fellow who thought he was tough
Took a poke at a pugilist rough
From the rents in his clothes
And the shape of his nothes,
It was thought he had met a rebough.

A Precious Packet

A GREAT many grown-up people in these days think the books written in the last century by Thomas Carlyle are hard to understand or too long to read. His books on the French Revolution, the life of Cromwell and the life of Frederick the Great, with most of the rest of his seventy-five volumes, rest on library shelves or are read by the few who take time to study and to think in this age of hurry and of play. It was not so when your grandfathers were young. Then most educated people read the essays, biographies and histories written by this wonderful man.

Thomas Carlyle was born at Ecclefechan, a village in Scotland, in 1795, of parents who were industrious but not rich. He was as rugged as the land on which he was bred, but he was honest and tender-hearted. However great and famous Carlyle became he never forgot his home, his country or his own people.

From the time he went to the university as a homespun-clad youth to the end of his life in 1881 he wrote to the people at home. The first letter was written to his mother, thanking her for the "bra white socks," the cakes and the butter. Many followed, for few men have loved a mother more dearly.

His sister, Jenny, who became Mrs. Aitken, took his mother's place when she died. The busy woman did not always find time to write, and her brother in London begged for news. "I cannot do without your dispatches. I must learn how it fares with you and the rest of them." Sometimes the great man told of the people he met and the books he was writing but oftener the letters were about home and the affairs of home. Mrs. Aitken preserved her brother's letters and after her death her daughter, Margaret, took care of them. Now Miss Aitken is a very old lady. At eighty-four she cannot expect to live much longer. So she made up her mind to give the letters, of which there are 700 altogether, to the National Library of Scotland. It is a very precious gift. No doubt most, if not all, the letters will be published for all who wish to read them. They will enable us to see the life of a bygone time and to feel how close were the ties that bound the heart of Thomas Carlyle to his Scottish home. In the meantime the older boys and girls will find "Heroes and Hero Worship" neither dull nor too hard to read.

Dictated, But Not Read

(Continued From Preceding Page)

"Mr. Fiske!" she exclaimed.

"Well, this seems to be the only way I can reach you."

"I'm only supposed to take business letters."

"What about those letters?"

"They were different. Your father——"

"He didn't know anything about them. I've talked with him enough to know that."

"Then your mother——"

"She knew," he said, and nodded toward her picture on the desk. "See, she's smiling now."

So she was, a winsome, encouraging, approving smile.

Fiske, Jr., leaned toward Connie Davis.

Wonderful Letters

"SHE knew before and she knows now," he hurried on. "Those were wonderful letters you wrote, more wonderful than you realise. At first I couldn't understand, because, while they helped me to see straight through a lot of sentiment, they left me with all my dreams. I was kind of slow, at first, about getting that. I guess my pride was hurt. Then mother showed me how—well, I was in the right church, but in the wrong pew. Then—the trouble was—oh, thunder, it sounds crazy when you try to say it. I was in love with you all the time, only I hadn't met you."

Quite unconsciously, to cover her confusion, Miss Davis began to make pot hooks in her notebook.

"That's it," he nodded. "Take it down. Say that the moment I came into this office and saw you, I knew everything I'd been dreaming was about you, that——"

Miss Davis rose.

"I can't," she stammered. "I mustn't."

He was beside her, holding her hand, notebook and all.

"It sounds queer," he admitted, "and it's going to take you a little while to get used to it, Connie. But there's no use trying to run away from the idea. You shone through those letters like a star through the dark. And, if you keep your eyes shut any longer, I'm going to kiss you."

She opened them wide at that.

"Your father," she exclaimed.

With his arm about her waist, he faced the picture on the desk as he had faced a duplicate picture on his desk at college. He could have asked for nothing more in the way of approval than he received from that source.

In desperation Connie added.

"Your father!"

And at that precise moment, the door opened and Fiske, Sr., stepped in. Perhaps he was surprised. Certainly he had a right to be. The Fiske Manufacturing Co. was concerned with the making of bolts and not with the manufacture of romance. But neither his son nor Miss Davis looked as though they had anything to be ashamed of. The boy stepped forward, still holding Connie's pink fingers, which she tried to work loose and could not.

Fiske, Sr., placed a hand on her shoulder.

"Yes," he said. "I know. His mother told me. And——" there was a catch in his voice—"we're very glad."

The club bore was in his deadliest form. For two solid hours he had been boasting of his escapes from death while shooting in the jungle. At last he paused and gazed round the room.

"You fellows have never known experience like those, have you?" he asked.

To his surprise one man nodded.

"I was once stranded in a forest with a gun and only one bullet," this member said.

"Really?" commented the bore. "And how did you manage to get away with your life?"

The other man smiled.

"While I was wondering whether I should starve or not," he said, "eight ducks flew past. I fired, and the bullet passed through all their heads. In falling the ducks hit the branch of a tree. This came down and caught a moose on the head. In its death throes the moose kicked a rabbit. This came sailing through the air and knocked me into the stream, and I came up with my pockets full of fish."

Certain hotels advertise that they have special rooms for reducing figures. We shall take our bill into one of these rooms before we pay it.—Punch.

Justice Riddell Is Prolific Writer

Product of Victorian Era Has Modern Outlook

SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN

SIR JOSEPH AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, His Britannic Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to give him his full name and title, is one of the many enigmas in British politics. On the one hand his youthful carriage, debonair appearance and charming manner belie the sixty-four years he carries so easily. Indeed, to many people in England, partly because his name still recalls memories of his illustrious father, "Owd Joe" Chamberlain, and partly because he has only within comparatively recent years become a luminary in British politics, Sir Austen Chamberlain is still regarded in most respects as a young man, writes T. J. C. Hartyn, to The Living Age

On the other hand, Sir Austen is the product of the old order of politicians, with the saving grace of a modern outlook and an extraordinary background of long accumulated knowledge and experience. It is doubtful if there has ever been a Foreign Secretary in all British history so well trained for the onerous duties of his high position. There have been Foreign Secretaries of greater force and stronger personality, but none has brought greater tact and understanding to bear upon the ever intricate problems of British foreign policy. It is because of this and because of his alert appearance that the mind immediately warms to the conception of a man old to experience, young in outlook, and modern in sympathy despite his years and his Victorian antecedents.

The paradox strikes more deeply, perhaps. It begins in his personal appearance. In his right eye he wears a monocle, commonly held to be a symbol of aristocratic lineage, but in his case it denotes no more than weak vision, for certainly not a duke, not an earl, nor even a baron is numbered among his ancestors. He is a political proletarian, and a very distinguished one. Of blue blood there is not a trace, despite his noble bearing. It is true that he might have been a peer many years ago, but although the King has offered to create him an earl, he has steadfastly refused to be elevated to the peerage. One suspects that his attitude was not governed so much by personal dislike of honors, since he has given way to King George's insistent demand that he accept the blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter, as by a reluctance to retire from the active forum of politics in the House of Commons into the somnolent, red-plush environment of the House of Lords

Sir Austen Chamberlain is the son of the late Joseph Chamberlain, a wealthy maker of screws and other useful things, whose immaculate attire, orchids, and fiery speeches were sensations in the age of long skirts and numerous petticoats. In Sir Austen's case the orchid is missing, but its place is usually taken by a gardenia, a white carnation, or some other small and inexpensive flower. His speech lacks his father's fire, but makes up for that quality by its easy flowing precision. More than any other minister's, his speeches are gems of pure thought, plain to the point, without any vacuity whatever. On the occasion of his first speech to the House of Commons, some thirty-five years ago, Gladstone—at one time possibly Joseph Chamberlain's bitterest enemy—crossed the floor to congratulate the latter on his son's remarkable beginning. It is recorded that "Joe," tears to his eyes, thanked the Grand Old Man with a silent grip of the hand. It only remains to be said that Sir Austen has more than justified the promise of that first speech.

Austen was the apple of his father's eye. He was deliberately reared for politics, and no expense was spared in securing for him the best training and tuition. His father was determined to give his son the advantages that he himself had lacked.

Industry of Lighting Improves With Rapidity

IF the streets look a little brighter or if the homes are not quite so dull as to 1920, that may be due to improvements in the lighting industry since that time. If this industry had stood still during the period from 1920 to 1927 we should have paid $9,000,000,000 for light instead of $7,000,000,000. In an analysis by Charles W Appleton, appearing to The National Electric Light Association Bulletin, the savings are given as follows: $200,000,000, or eleven per cent from lower lamp prices; $500,000,000, or twenty-five per cent from lower current prices, and $1,200,000,000, or sixty-four per cent from the higher efficiency of lamps.

THE Honorable Mr Justice William Renwick Riddell has written another book.

Judge Riddell, erstwhile school teacher and medical student, internationally-known jurist and raconteur supreme, is one of Canada's most interesting authors.

He reminds one of the old newspaper definitions of news. If a dog bites a man, that's ordinary, but if a man bites a dog, that's news."

If Mr. Justice Riddell produces a literary opus every once to a while, that is just what the Canadian citizenry has come to gratefully expect. But if a year were to pass without his doing so, that would be news indeed. Bad news.

His current book is dedicated "to Dr. Gordon Bates and the Staff of the Canadian Social Hygiene Council." Which introduces one to another phase of the man's versatility. For years he has been interested in dragging into the light, and slaying, dragons that prey upon humans. It is, therefore, as president of the Canadian Social Hygiene Council that he publishes a translation of some of the works of Hieronymus Fracastorius, who, to 1530, became the first publicist of social hygiene by writing prose and poetry with a medical slant.

That is the Riddell formula. The formulist becomes interested in a subject, masters it, and then writes about it. He has been doing that for years.

Go to the Toronto Reference Library and look up "Riddell, William Renwick." You will find 131 cards in the section devoted to books and authors.

Each of these does not index an individual book, of course. Essays, published addresses are listed. But on the other hand, many of these cards are packed with half a dozen listed essays.

Those 131 cards form, really, the index to the story of a great life. A kind of Canadian saga. Glance through them and be amazed by the range of subjects they index; at the flexibility and clarity of the mind of which they afford you many a peep.

"History of Courts," "Canada and the Empire," "Dietetics of Olden Times," "The Law and the Doctor," "The Nurse and the Law," "Use of a Public Library by a Public Man," "First Execution for Witchcraft in Ireland," "Seventeenth Century Surgeons and His Fees," "Insanity in Its Legal Aspects," "An Eighteenth Century Quack in French Canada," "Adventures of an American Soldier in the War of 1812."

HON. MR. JUSTICE WILLIAM RENWICK RIDDELL

These are but a few headings illustrating how everything that the honorable gentleman has seen, heard and read is digested, and finally finds its way to his pen point.

"True Stories of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police," "The Psychology of the Automobile," "Women as Practitioners of the Law," "Why Pickwick Was Jailed," "Ontario's First Medical Case."

So the tale runs. Everywhere that the exterior world has impinged upon a rich and fertile mind, the creative spark has flashed. There are headings about Freemasonry, slavery, mosquitoes and high treason.

And every line is fresh, forceful, simple. One recognizes the touch of the classical scholar—and the judge is an outstanding classicist. Everybody to Osgoode Hall knows that Riddell judgments are literary as well as legal events.

It is astounding. Some day, years hence, a great book will be written by somebody capable of realizing what a comprehensive picture can be gleaned from the two-score or so Riddell books, of a great country in the making, and a full life, fully lived.

Island of Heligoland Slowly Crumbling Away

THIS little German island, English North Sea outpost until 1890, has lost 13,000 square metres swallowed up by mountainous waves when recent fierce gales caused havoc along the west European coasts as far as Norway. The damage done here and to the neighboring East Frisian Island chain has led the Prussian Survey Department to appoint a commission to make a scientic study of the whole coastline to ascertain if there is any dangerous acceleration in the gradual subsidence of the German North Sea shores. It is known that the whole coast is sinking, but only at the rate of about ten inches in the last 100 years. Coming investigations are expected to show whether the sinking process calls for extra precautions.

Foch's Diary

ONE of the most remarkable diaries of modern times is that of Marshal Foch, which is bound in great leather volumes like ledgers. For many years the Marshal recorded daily events of importance to it in his bold, clear hand. It should make an immense sensation—if it is ever published.

University Leader Was C.P.R. Broncho-Buster-Tourist-Guide

E. A. CORBETT
Director of the Department of Extension at the University of Alberta

E. A. CORBETT, M.A., Director of the Department of Extension, University of Alberta, writes a lot of authentic stories about people for Canadian newspapers and magazines. As Director of the Department of Extension he meets a lot of interesting people he could write stories about. But as Ed. Corbett he is a story in himself.

He has not always been sheltered by the protecting walls of a university, or the closed windows of a comfortable sedan, and he has always found life itself more interesting than living.

That's probably the reason why he makes friends wherever he goes. The head waiter at Banff Springs hotel was one of them.

It was several long years ago when he was boasting his fifteenth birthday and had come West to seek his fortune, and fortune decreed that he should be broncho-buster-tourist-guide for the guests of the C.P.R. at Banff—fringed chaps, spurs and buckles, to say nothing of tips. He may have saved the head waiter from a gory death under the feet of one of the tourists' vehicles of transportation, or he may have had such an open face, not to say youthful bravado, that the head waiter felt a certain proprietary right in the tenderfoot. But it is a fact of history that young Ed explored with the abandon of a fifteen-year-old's appetite all the hidden recesses of the butler's pantry. It may have been lobster, or it may have been caviar; on the other hand it may have been only pate de foie gras.

Tips must have been high in those days, for it wasn't long before Ed had saved up enough to see him through another year of school. His ambitions soared higher, it seems, than mountain scenery, old-lady tourists or even pate de foie gras.

He admitted the head waiter to his confidence

Solve Unemployment By Invention of Science

IN the early days of this machine age great fear was expressed concerning the number of men who would be thrown out of work. It is well known that rioting and destruction of machinery was frequent. Today men are thrown out of employment more frequently than ever before by the introduction of new machines, but there is no rioting. Production to the men has increased in the automobile industry 172 per cent in the last eleven years. Where have these men gone? "Industries that owe their existence to applied science have so far afforded new employment," says Industrial and Engineering Chemistry. "The United States Department of Commerce states that more than 1,280,000 men have found employment since 1920 in driving and performing services incident to the automobile. There has been an increase of 100,000 in the number of those attending electric refrigerators, oil heaters and similar household appliances. There are hundreds of thousands engaged in the motion picture industry, from the production of films to services incident to theatre management, and another great army is employed in radio and allied industries. The aviation industry employs its thousands and seems certain to increase as commercial aviation approaches." So the list grows, and it appears that science will continue to solve the employment situation in just this manner for years to came at least.

President-Elect Tells Of His Funniest Experience

PRESIDENT-ELECT HOOVER relates the following as his funniest story: "During the earlier part of the Great War I used to have to go back and forth frequently between London and Belgium in connection with the Belgian relief work, which was under my direction. These boats had to take their chances with the mines that were constantly breaking away from the fixed mine fields to the North Sea and were floating on the surface. On one of my last trips before America came into the war I asked the steward, at breakfast, as usual, to keep the account in mind and collect from me at the end of the trip. He stood first on one foot and then on the other, and finally blurted out, 'I'm sorry, sir, but when the last boat was blown up the passengers got drowned. We may be sunk at any moment, so I must collect after each meal.'"

The King's Collection Of Stamps Stands Unique

KEENLY as King George's illness has been followed by the whole world, the stamp collecting fraternity through the six continents and the seven seas feel a still keener interest. For His Majesty is not merely a stamp collector, but one of the leading collectors in the world.

"It is one of the greatest pleasures in my life," he once wrote to a friend.

His collection was begun in a rather modest way when, in the 80's, with his elder brother, Prince Albert Victor, he served as midshipmen on H.M.S. Bacchante. Much of his early enthusiasm for the supposedly juvenile pastime seems to have been due to his uncle, the Duke of Edinburgh, afterwards Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

The royal stamp collection is confined to the postal issues of the United Kingdom and the British Empire, and includes numerous specimens that are exceedingly rare. The King has the advantage that he receives the first mint copies of every British and British Colonial stamp issued, but he has also accumulated through the customary channels of collecting an almost complete representation of the older postal issues.

Few collectors are more intimately versed in British Colonial issues than His Majesty. As Prince of Wales, on one occasion he prepared and personally read before the Royal Philatelic Society a monograph on the earlier stamps of his grandmother's reign. That paper, generally admitted at the time to be masterly in its thoroughness, is still one of the most authoritative discussions of the subject extant.

More than that, His Majesty once designed a postage stamp himself. The fact is of especial interest to Canadians because the stamp he designed was the well-known King Edward VII portrait type used in Canada during King Edward's reign. The portrait shows the late King Edward VII in his robes of state. The master die was engraved in London, but on arrival in Canada was slightly altered and in retouching lost some of the delicacy of the original design.

Like his father, the present Prince of Wales is a stamp collector, but unlike King George, he does not restrict his collection to the British Empire. As long ago as 1906 the Prince exhibited at the International Philatelic Exhibition a practically complete collection of Liberia, and a mint collection of France and the French colonies. In 1919 the Prince of Wales became honorary president of the Royal Philatelic Society of London, of which His Majesty himself is honorary patron.

Even for royalty, stamp collecting has its disappointments and its seemingly unattatoable objectives. The Canadian collector who finds Canada twelvepenny black of 1852 beyond his reach will appreciate His Majesty's feelings in regard to British Guiana No. 13, the rarest stamp in the world, and probably the only major variety of British Colonial stamp absent from His Majesty's collection.

In 1856 a shipment of stamps from England was late in arriving at the British Guiana capital and the colony got out an emergency issue. A small line cut of a ship, used in newspapers over shipping advertisements, was secured for centrepiece and the rest was typeset. To safeguard against forgeries, all copies issued were initialed and dated. Almost immediately the engraved stamps arrived from England, the forms for the provisional issue were broken up, and the provisional stamps burned. Only a few copies were used, and only one copy is known to exist today.

For years it was in the collection of the eccentric Count Philip la Renotiere von Ferrari. His collection was auctioned by the French Government at Paris some six years or more ago. The British Guiana No. 13 was, according to collectors who saw it there, badly rubbed, an exceedingly poor copy. But this scrap of paper, sold over the stamp counter to 1856 for one cent, fetched at auction 300,000 francs plus a $2,000-franc luxury tax—in other words, $32,977 in cash.

It was generally thought at the time that representatives of His Britannic Majesty had bid in the rarity. Later information, however, disclosed that the famous stamp had crossed the Atlantic as the property of Arthur Y. Hind, of Rochester, N.Y.

World-Wide Needlework Guild Grew From Small Start

HOW the idea of an English woman grew into a world-wide organization for good, enlisting in the United States alone more than half a million women, is revealed in the activities of the Needlework Guild.

Confronted by the pressing need of a certain charity, Lady Wolverton at Iwerne, in Dorsetshire County, England, in 1883, said: "If only a little bridge could be thrown from the Island of Waste to the Island of Want, how both would benefit!" From this sentiment grew the bridge of needlework. The underlying principle of the charity is to furnish new garments to the needy poor instead of cast-off clothes which act unfavorably upon the self-respect of the recipients. The organization is flourishing in England, and the Queen, as president of the London Guild, collects each year thousands of garments, some of which are made by her own hands.

The Needlework Guild of America, modeled after the English society, was founded at Philadelphia in 1885 by Laura B. Stewart. In 1907 the organization became affiliated with the American Red Cross for co-operation in local, national and international disasters. In 1909 the affiliation with the General Federation of Women's Clubs was effected.

The Needlework Guild of America is also a member of the National Conference of Social Work and the National Council of Women of the United States. The Camp Fire Girls became affiliated with the Guild to 1917.

Valuable assistance was rendered by the Guild at the time of the Johnstown and Dayton floods, the San Francisco earthquake and fire and other disasters. In 1914 at the outbreak of the war in Europe, workrooms were established in Lyons, France, and later the war relief department was opened in New York.

Beat the Inspector

THE inspector, who had just returned from the Isle of Man, was examining the girls' class in geography.

"Can you tell me what island there is off the English coast which, from its name, you would judge to be inhabited by people of the male sex only?"

"Please, sir, the Scilly Isles," replied a girl promptly.

The Grand Old Man of Quebec Rules His Native Province

SIR LOMER GOUIN

FOLLOWING to the footsteps of Howe, Mowat, Chapleau and Tilley, the grand old man of Quebec—Sir Lomer Gouin—has ascended the gubernatorial throne of his native Province. It is the second time since Confederation that the mantle of Lieutenant-Governor has fallen upon the shoulders of one who was the premier and active political head of the Province.

For if Taschereau is the ruler of Quebec today Sir Lomer is, in truth, the father of his people. With the weight of sixty-seven years upon his shoulders he can look back upon fifteen years of premiership—years which were decisive in the growth of Quebec from a pastoral Province to the proud position of power and influence which it now occupies in the industrial structure of the Dominion.

It was once said that one could not throw a brick into a group of men in any rural village of Ontario without hitting a James Whitney. He was a representative citizen. But one could fling stone after stone in the towns and villages of Quebec without striking a Lomer Gouin. In personality and temperament he is the direct opposite of the fiery, passionate Gallic nature which in Federal politics is associated with the great men of that Province. Sir George Foster once apostrophized Laurier as "This man with the English heart and the French head." But this would apply to the reverse to Gouin. His heart is French, he loves his Province with a devotion scarcely to be understood by those who do not know him.

He knows Quebec as perhaps no one else will ever know it. He knows its industry—its power plants, pulp mills, mines and forests. And he knows the intangible, spiritual longings which animate French-Canadians. He is not a stranger in the great city whose streets hum with the commerce of a nation, and the heart of the habitant to him is an open book. From Gaspe to Pontiac, each little hamlet and each trim whitewashed cabin—the rude cradles, the hand-made churns, the open bake ovens and the tobacco flues—are as familiar to him as his own fireside. The advancing years, by some spiritual mystical alchemy, have vested in him a spiritual ownership of all. He is, indeed, the father of his race.

And yet it will remain a mystery why this should be, for Gouin is lacking in the talents which usually woo the Gallic heart. His dominant characteristic is a Saxon stolidity. He is no flaming orator like Lemieux. He is cold and passionless to contrast with Mercier. The eloquence and courtliness of Laurier are lacking. Indeed, Gouin would shrink from rhetoric or heroics. And yet he won and held the affection of his compatriots.

Yet while Gouin's name will not soon be forgotten in Quebec, he will not be remembered in the wider field of Federal politics. He seemed out of his element at Ottawa when he joined the Federal cabinet in 1922. Quebec he knew by heart. Ontario, the Western prairies and distant British Columbia were to him a closed book, to the pages of which he was now too old to apply himself.

He appeared to be a good-humored, able and kindly man, well satisfied with Government policies and desirous of enhancing the prestige of the administration, but not quite knowing how to do it. And then one day he cleared his desk, said good-bye to his officials in the justice department, wrote out his resignation and took the train for Quebec—his home.

And now at Spencerwood a long career of public service is crowned with the highest distinction to which a public man can aspire—the honor of being His Majesty's representative. Sir Lomer will look out upon the Province he served so long and so well. Across the river at Levis he will see the school to which he came as a lad, with life all before him. Thousands of motors will hum along the smooth pavements he built; the wheels of industry will turn ceaselessly in factories which his genius created and in many a habitant cabin the name will be called blessed.

Automatic Election in Chicago Impresses Englishman

ENGLISH magazines are now taking considerable delight in relating a story concerning and attributed to Mr Gordon West, Mr Lloyd George's private secretary, who was in Chicago just before the last presidential election.

One of the "ward bosses" there was telling him of the elaborate precautions taken on the polling day, but Mr West was sceptical.

"We to England," he said, "do not believe all we hear about Chicago election methods."

"Is that so?" replied the ward boss, then, turning to some half-dozen of his henchmen who were standing near, he said, "Boys, here's a feller from England who don't believe we take politics seriously here. Show him, will you?"

Whereupon each of the six political workers drew an automatic pistol from his pocket.

"Do you believe us now?" asked the boss.

Mr West replied that he did, and intimated rather hurriedly that he was prepared to dispense with further argument.

Movie Actress—How did you ever get a reference saying you were a perfect lady's maid?

Maid—I worked for a perfect lady once.—Life

"REDS" Who Have Captured CANADA

By FREDERICK GRIFFIN

Commissioner William Maxwell, in command of the Canada East Territory.

The late General William Booth in his patriarchal last years.

Col. John Addie who began the Army in Canada.

The Training College in Toronto, built as a William Booth Memorial, is typical of the many fine buildings which are Army property.

Children swarmed around the Salvationists and pelted them with mud.

The Fine Salvation Army Hospital at Halifax, N.S.

Mrs. Maxwell, wife of Canada East's commanding officer.

FORTY odd years ago Canadians were accustomed to treat the devil politely —as a standard institution. They were inclined to take their hats off and speak softly if they thought the old gentleman anywhere near. Necessarily they were shocked by the Salvation Army's frontal attacks on sin and iniquity, and its noisy manner of sallying forth to twit Satan's more or less respectable tail openly at every street corner.

Militant upholders of church Toryism were impelled to attack these go-getting Salvationists with their drums and their tambourines, their hallelujahs and their crashing choruses, their red flags, red jerseys and red ribbons on their hats.

A glance backward into the religious manifestations of the dim eighties reveals a curious parallel between the treatment of these Salvation "reds" then and the attitude of certain timid people towards Communist "reds" now.

A Canadian paper wrote in 1886, "The Salvation Army is still going in our midst. Can anyone suggest a plan whereby we can get rid of them?"

It sounds like the cries of some of our papers today against the current nuisance.

In Quebec City Commissioner Coombs, head of the young Army in Canada, only escaped being killed by a mob by doffing his uniform cap and escaping in disguise. A lady officer, Staff-Captain Hettie Simcoe, who did Salvation pioneering in that citadel of an entrenched church, had to be brave as any missionary to the most benighted heathen. She once spent three weeks in bed as the result of an orthodox beating.

In Lindsay, Ontario, where the future General Sir Sam Hughes was just beginning to emerge from the chrysalis stage, Captain Scott staged a "torch-light march" and was sent to jail for disturbing the peace. The captain had his gentle revenge. At the end of his sentence, he refused to leave his cell until the officer who had haled him there arrived to conduct him out; after which, he insisted on linking arms with the constable up the main street along which, a couple of weeks previously, that officer had led him.

Disturbers of Peace

A "MIDNIGHT March" in Lindsay resulted in two officer lasses and a score of soldiers being thrust into a barred keep as disturbers of the peace. At one Hallelujah Meeting in Quebec someone touched off a bottle of gunpowder. Thirty windows were blown out of the hall. The air was filled with smoke and flying glass. Fortunately no one was hurt.

When what was known as Toronto's Slum Corps opened up a centre in the heart of the city on May 30, 1886, they had to march through muck to do it. Two hundred children swarmed around the despised band of nonresisting Salvationists and pelted them with mud, which they threw up with little sticks.

Often muddy, frequently bloody, but unbowed, the first heroic members of this new crusade went on their way, singing, praying, shouting at street corners, jamming up religion years before jam became a portent of the times, and eventually even through to respect and respectability, not to mention power and wealth, as a spiritual and socializing force that challenged the attention of the world.

Out of the decayed fish, decadent eggs and dead cats flung at the first street corner rallyers grew the Salvation Army of today, with its vast organization, its millions of adherents, its tremendous ownership of property, its colossal work for the surmerged of society in many lands, its immense influence. From the blood and bruises of the first apostles sprang the seeds of a theocratic empire. Still keeping the incidental parallel, one cannot help wondering if some day Communism may not include even policemen in its ranks. For today, more than ever, heterodoxy has a habit of becoming orthodoxy—and the Sauls have a fashion of becoming St. Pauls.

Booth Centenary

WITH the eyes of the world fixed on the doings of the High Council in London, and with the centenary of General Booth's birth in Nottingham being celebrated in April next, the time is appropriate for a few random remarks about the Salvation Army in Canada.

That local Salvationists have been interested in the situation in regard to General Bramwell Booth and the fight to demoralize the headship of this great army of militant Christians is undoubted. But it has been restrained and dignified.

The relationship of the Army in Canada to General Bramwell Booth, so far as property is concerned, has for twenty years been somewhat different from that of branches of the Army in countries where the property was vested in his name. In 1909 a deed of incorporation was effected which put the holdings of property in Eastern Canada under the governing council of the Army in that territory, said council consisting of the commissioner, the chief secretary, the field secretary, the financial secretary and the property secretary. Thus the question of sole trusteeship vested in the general, which was one of the key matters at issue in the greenish question of hereditary succession, had not the direct interest for Canada that it had for other countries.

Yet it had, indirectly, just as great an interest since the governing council were appointed and held at the discretion of General Booth or such head as might happen.

It is not necessary to go into details as to the views of Canadian Salvationists on the strange struggle which has gone on in London between the Booth family, with its halo of inherited authority, and the barons who, while respecting their traditional eminence, have yet insisted on the wisdom of clipping their right to rule. There was a religious Runymede stand of which the world did not fail to see the significance.

Favors Reform

IN Canada, it is safe to say, the Army was on the side of what may be called reform. The officers, at least, sought a change, though the magic of the Booth name might still shine so dazzlingly in the eyes of the soldiers that they did not quite see the spots on the sun. But no referendum was taken. No question in any form was submitted. The form of Salvation Army government did not lend itself to such a democratic test. In general, Canadian Salvationists were content to abide by the course which the High Council, as their nominated representatives, took.

Now let us swing back to June 1, 1882, when the flag of blood and fire was first unfurled on this continent, appropriately enough, in London, Ontario, by Jack Addie, a Scottish soldier of Salvation—now Colonel John C. Addie, living retired in California.

Jack Addie was born in Aberdeenshire of staunch Presbyterian stock. He was brought up by a godly grandmother. When Jack did things he ought not to have done, this guid body would plant him on a stool in the corner, reach for the Bible, and, after her spectacles, search carefully for ten verses appropriate to his crime and then recite them until the culprit had learned them by heart.

Only when he could repeat them correctly as sign of repentance was Jack permitted to leave the stool. Thus were the seeds of Bible knowledge planted in Addie's mind. But not thus was he "saved."

That was in Jarrow-on-Tyne where, wandering about the streets in his off-time as a drapery apprentice, he saw a man after being rolled down a hill by a crowd, spring to his feet and shout "Hallelujah!" Intrigued, he followed this man and a queer, singing band into a hall where he heard red-hot redemption preached. He went to the penitent bench and became a soldier of Salvation. He began to preach in the streets. His good Presbyterian father, accustomed to the solemnity of his kirk, shipped him to Canada in disgust. He settled in London, Ontario.

Methodist Revival

A METHODIST revival there gave him an opportunity for open-air work. In the course of his street-corner preaching, he met Joe Ludgate, another Salvation Army convert from the Old Country. They launched the Army in Canada about the time that a Jimmy Glover was giving it a start in Toronto. Theirs is regarded officially as the beginning.

In 1883 Addie married in London a girl who had been a Salvation Army concert in Jarrow-on-Tyne. She may be called Canada's first lass of the tambourine. These two young soldiers have lived to grow old together serving the God they glorified.

A few high-lights of the Salvation Army story since will have to suffice, for a detailed story of the early development to the peak of emotional conquest, followed by the last twenty years of consolidation and broadening out along lines of social as well as religious endeavor, would fill volumes.

In these days it is pretty hard to imagine those wicked days of the eighties when the Salvationists went out into the highways and the alleyways to smite drink and the devil hip and thigh and often got hurt in the process.

The first warriors used strange tricks to catch the attention of idle street promenaders. When "Happy Harry" Cooper found himself talking to empty air, he began to turn handsprings on the pavement or cartwheels down the centre of the road. As often as not, he went on with his exhortation standing on his head. No wonder the orthodox were shocked by such an acrobatic approach to the Almighty.

The first temples of the Army were citadels in fact as well as name. Door-keepers were necessary at the bastions to keep out rowdies. Roughs came, armed with clubs, to break up Hallelujah Meetings. Orderlies had to parade the aisles to keep an eye for incipient outbreaks of violence.

Clawed Like Cats

ONCE, when an orderly put an arm gently on two young ladies to restrain their caterwauls, they clawed him up like a pair of cats. Bullies joined in. Soon the devil was loose with a vengeance. But the comrades on the platform only sang and prayed all the more fervently—while the orderly was being rescued. When quiet came back the work of winning these rebellious souls went on mertily and successfully.

Those were the days of the open bar and the curse of drink. It was not unusual to see men come to meetings with bottles of beer, which they placed under the seats, refreshing themselves when they felt physically rather than spiritually thirsty.

These were the days of the drunkards' brigades which paraded the streets as the barrooms closed, captured the inebriates as they were ejected and led them off to the temple in pity and rejoicing.

It was in Toronto that the Salvation Army, in 1886, decided to arrest the temple which is today territorial headquarters for Eastern Canada. Its inception was featured by a novel display of Army force and vigor.

Down main streets, singing joyously to the accompaniment of a band, the clashing of symbals and the banging of tambourines, a song called "The Blood of the Lamb," came a procession of Salvationists, decked in the red trimmings under the sash, refreshing themselves when they felt physically rather than spiritually thirsty.

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Not to throw at their tormentors—oh, no! These bricks were to build a temple that was not to be made like Solomon's temple but a plain building—though it was grand enough in its day—whose offices would be the heart centre of years of fighting for the lives and souls of battered and broken men and women.

Contribute 25c Bricks

THE soldiers of the five corps entering at that time had been asked each to contribute a quarter, the price of a brick. So they bought and bought the bricks and piled them in a neat heap at the corner. These bricks—the modest, passionate gifts of many humble folk—are incorporated in the walls of the weathered red building which stands today on Albert Street at the corner of James Street. It is very matter-of-fact now. It is a little difficult to link it up with those old days of warlike salvation. For the saving of souls often did mean war and wounds forty years ago. And the Salvationists were certainly not afraid to carry the war into those districts where it would do the most good.

Certain Streets at that time were most wicked purlieus, according to the legend. As the sound of the drum, the symbal and singing announced the coming of the "reds," it was not unusual for a crowd of tough men to gather to prevent their passing.

If the Salvationists could not pass, they knelt down on the sidewalk and prayed asking God to forgive the men who at the moment were pelting them with mud—or, worse still, were sticking penknives into their flanks, a nasty trick.

Police apparently attended the early meetings with much the viewpoint with which they attend Communist meetings today. And they were evidently much more necessary at gatherings of Booth apostles than they are at peaceful talkfests of Lenin enthusiasts. There was much greater danger of local life, limb and property when the Salvationists met to praise God than when the Communists gather to damn society.

On one occasion recalled by George Bradley, a Toronto veteran of the faith, a solitary policeman had come to eject six roughs. He did it strategically: one at a time, handcuffing each in turn as he dragged him out, to the banisters of the stairs. When his collection was complete he went off for the Black Maria, to which he was able to deliver them trussed and harmless.

Shocked by Shock Troops

ONE of the milestones in the march of the Army in Canada was the visit of General William Booth in 1886. Five hundred officers and soldiers marched through rain and mud, with flags flying and bands playing, to meet him at the depot when he came to Toronto. His was limited there, socially. John Macdonald, one of Toronto's first citizens, held a drawing-room meeting in his honor, which was attended by clergymen, judges, lawyers and even university professors.

During his visit the general presented colors to four brave officers who were going to Quebec, as it turned out, to risk their lives broadcasting the fiery message of their triumphant faith.

They had not been in that ancient city more than two weeks when they fell under the Cardinal's ban. Trouble followed, every rowdy cutting loose under the cloak of pleasing his church. The police, mostly opposed to their teachings, lent little or no protection. A Baptist minister who received the Salvationists had his house pelted with eggs. The preaching lasses themselves were frequently dragged from the platforms on which they preached, prayed or sang. Women did not dare attend the meetings. Few men dared stop or listen. Converts lost their jobs or were ostracized in this close corporation of traditional religion which was shocked by the methods of these shock troops of salvation.

As illustrating how hard was the soul-saving furrow which these officers plowed, it was considered a big event when, on the third anniversary of the opening in Quebec, five Frenchmen, born and bred there, rose to their feet, clad for the first time in Army uniforms, and enrolled themselves as soldiers.

Thus the Canadian history of the Booth movement suffered travail pains on a scale only a little more refined than those which the Salvation Army endured in Great Britain, where, according to Harold Begbie in his "Life of William Booth," in twelve months "669 Salvationists, of whom 261 were women, were knocked down, kicked or brutally assaulted. Fifty-six buildings of the Army were stormed or partially wrecked. Eighty-six Salvationists, fifteen of them women, were thrown into prison."

Established Peace

ORGANIZED society as then constituted was against these disturbers of the community's established religious peace. The mob attacked them, the police arrested them and the magistrates sentenced them—all in due course. They could not even beat drums in the name of God.

All this seems hard to believe now, with the Army's magnificent record accepted by the world. In Eastern Canada, which stretches from Port Arthur, Ontario, to the outermost edge of Newfoundland, under the command of Commissioner Maxwell, the Blood and Fire flag flies in practically every community of 2,000 souls. There are over 160 centres of evangelical work. The drum-beat of this wonderful Army sounds in the lumber camps, echoes in the mining camps and steals across the bushlands of the North.

An idea of the social side of the their work as a reclamatory force may be gleaned from the fact that in this territory the Army carries on seven maternity hospitals, a general hospital, seven rescue homes, one metropolis, two receiving homes and a young women's boarding house. In a recent twelve-months period 5,413 patients were treated and 2,475 babies were born in their hospitals.

In Toronto alone, the Army has nine industrial branches.

In a number of cities officers serve as police court chaplains. Prisoners are frequently turned over to their care. Runaway girls, wayward girls and wife-deserters are given into their kindly understanding charge.

Reams could be written about these various activities of a social nature which are an outgrowth of the first individual missionary efforts of Rev. William Booth, a Methodist minister who was a German prisoner-of-war assistant to the submerged people of Bethnal Green and Whitechapel, London, away back in the sixties. It is sufficient at the moment merely to mention them.

The Missing Word

A GOOD story is going the rounds concerning Maurice Maeterlinck, the famous dramatist. Late one evening he fell to discussing with his pals the concept, only to fit into one of his plays. The two kept at it till midnight. Then they went to bed, leaving the problem still unsolved.

An hour later the poet roused his sleeping wife.

"Get up, dear!" he cried excitedly. "I've just thought of a really good word."

"Get up yourself!" replied his indignant better half. "I have just thought of a very bad one."

To smaller flowers on a grave is simply a way in which an ordinary person can express in a gesture things that only a very great poet could express in words.—Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

Pilchard Industry of Island Develops Rapidly

ONE of the most romantic developments in the fisheries of the Canadian Pacific Coast has been that of the utilization of the pilchard, according to a Canadian Pacific Railway bulletin. The pilchard is a fish, on the average larger than the herring, which comes up from the open sea and enters the West Coast inlets in vast schools, traveling like the herring and remaining in the inlet for months. Being rich in oil they were considered unsuitable for food and were therefore formerly not extensively fished.

"Their use in reduction plants," says the bulletin, "was first authorized by Dominion fishery regulations in the Winter of 1924, and at that time well-advised operators who had been investigating the supply for a number of years expressed the opinion that this was virtually unlimited and would stand the drain that would be placed upon it for years to come. The Assistant Commissioner of Provincial Fisheries at that time voiced the opinion that the salmon was going to find a keen rival for supremacy in the British Columbia fishing industry.

"Since that time the industry has experienced a remarkable development. Twenty-three reduction and canning plants have sprung into existence on the West Coast of Vancouver Island. They are engaged primarily in the reduction of the pilchards for the oil, which is highly prized by Canadian manufacturers of soaps, paints, varnishes and toilet preparations. By-products of the compression process are fish meal for chicken feed and fertilizer which is made from the coarser portions of the meal. Some of the better grades of the fish are canned for food and this phase of the industry has experienced considerable development in the last year.

In 1925, the first year of operation, a total of 500,000 gallons of pilchard oil from the plants was shipped through the Port of Victoria. In 1926 the industry was responsible for an output of 8,481 tons of meal and 1,896,721 gallons of oil; in 1927, for 12,139 tons of meal and 2,666,946 gallons of oil, and in 1928, for 14,473 tons of meal and 2,966,970 gallons of oil. The industry is still increasing with no definite limit yet in sight and preparations are under way to give the activity greater storage and transportation facilities in 1929.

The oil finds a ready market in Eastern Canada and in England at prices ranging from thirty-five cents to fifty-five cents per gallon, which would place the total value of the years catch at more than $2,000,000. The fish meal is sold largely in the Southern Pacific States. The proportions of the industry have resulted in the furnishing of special facilities for the transportation and storage of the oil. Canadian Pacific vessels have been especially equipped with tanks for shipment to the port of departure. Large storage tanks have been provided. Export of oil to Europe goes direct in bulk, while that going to the East is carried across the continent in special tank cars filled directly from the boats by pumps.

Pilchard oil is not listed separately in Canadian trade statistics, but its increasing shipment is doubtless represented in the rising figures of the export of 'other fish oil' than cod liver, seal and whale oil, which stood at 683,434 gallons worth $266,554 in the first six months of the fiscal year 1927, and at 1,192,557 gallons worth $456,105 in the same period of 1928. In the same six months exports of canned pilchards rose from 6,791 hundredweight, worth $60,701, to 10,270 hundredweight, worth $94,386. In both years Australia was the largest purchaser, taking 2,191 hundredweight, worth $22,605, in the last period, followed by the Straits Settlements with shipments of 2,016 hundredweight, worth $18,926. The United States imported to the extent of 1,301 hundredweight, worth $9,435, and the United Kingdom seventy-three hundredweight, worth $417. A large part of the meal manufactured is sold in California.

The pilchard industry has developed a new and valuable source of revenue for British Columbia fisheries. Fishermen contract to supply the island reduction plants with pilchards and receive for them about $10 per ton. One ton reduces down to approximately fifty gallons of oil and a quantity of meal. With the vast extent of resources and the availability of markets the industry apparently faces a future of yet greater expansion, for which active preparations are being made.

Gave Doctor Roberts Family of Four at Seventeen Years

DR. CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, the Canadian poet, is, if army records be true, a unique person. Dr. Roberts was in England when the war broke out and enlisted as a private. Later when in France he made application for his commission as lieutenant. On the first application form for this he filled in all the information required, except that about his age, and sent it in accompanied by a memorandum which explained that as his medical certificates were all quite satisfactory he saw no reason for giving his age, and as it was in "Who's Who" he could not substitute for it.

The War Office sent back his application with his age filled in as ten years less than it actually was and with the following memorandum: "You see some rascal has been tampering with your age. You can settle up with him at the close of the war."

A little later Dr. Roberts had another form to fill in. This time he stated correctly the dates of his marriage and the births of his four children. A few days later when in the War Office he saw an officer comparing the two slips. As Dr. Roberts was married when he was nineteen and his four children were born within the next eight years, according to the dates on the forms he had taken a wife when he was nine years old and had a family of four by the time he was seventeen.

The officer looked up at him and said, "Well, Roberts, according to the evidence of precocity shown here you should make a very efficient officer."

Billion-Dollar Molasses, Latest Miracle of Big Business

How the Vision of One Danish Boy Created Out of Waste an Essential Element in 400 Products

PRACTICAL DREAMER
Unusual silhouette portrait of Ferdinand Kroyer Kielberg, molasses magnate, in his N. Y. offices, facing Pershing Square.

Photo-drawing of Mr. Kielberg with the titantic molasses pitcher from which he has poured an enormous fortune and, incidentally, contributed to feminine styles, as shown by woman's figure in oval below.

> ***What Molasses Can Do, Magically.***
>
> ***Did You Know That Molasses—***
>
> *Is used to make rouge compacts, shampoo jelly, shaving creams, camphor, tinfoil, water colors, watches, mosquito spray, pencils, perfumes, hats, soap, ink, embalming fluid, foot powder, glass, ether, flowers, feathers, bay rum, bottle caps?*
>
> *Is in the U. S. alone, a $1,250,000,000 industry?*
>
> *Employs 350,000 persons?*
>
> *Was once thrown away as worthless?*
>
> *Revolutionized industrial seacraft?*
>
> *Is the greatest contributor to grain alcohol?*
>
> *Is essential to modern warfare?*
>
> *Is used at your birth and death?*

GIANT TERMINUS
Great collecting and shipping station of the molasses industry in Soerabaya, Java, Dutch East Indies, where vats of the gold-producing fluid are assembled and dispatched to their destinations.

MOLASSES MODE
At right: How the fabulous fluid is used in appareling the girl of today. Radiating black lines indicate features of her attire made with "Black Strap" — among them hat, necklace, flowers, dress cloth, belt, gloves, purse, stockings and shoes.

READY TO DISCHARGE
Motored tanker at right, about to unload its cargo of molasses at Phila., from which city it will be sent all over the U.S.

AS you tip the syrup jug over your wheat cakes in the morning, it probably doesn't occur to you that you are idly employing a sugar product that, in its various industrial phases, has become in the United States a $1,000,000,000 plus proposition.

More than that—a product that contributes to modern civilization the most widely divergent factors: Artificial flowers, bay rum, chewing tobacco, dental gold, fireworks, mirrors, shoe polish, tinfoil—to name a random few.

Molasses!

Magic word of slightly comic sound, which through the imaginative patience of an experimental Danish chemist has grown, in twenty-six years, from a despised and discarded by-product of cane sugar to a mind-staggering, continent-linking business, with its own fleets of ocean tankers.

It might be affirmed that society, as now organized, would find itself in a woeful plight if molasses were suddenly withdrawn as an industrial component of modern life.

Wars could not be expediently waged without it; for high-power explosives and poison gas require it. In the form of ether, chloroform or iodine, it assists in ushering you into the world, and the mortician depends upon it, too.

Just how, you ask, did this billion-dollar miracle come into being? Primarily instrumental was one man, Ferdinand Kroyer Kielberg. In your newspapers or on the lips of your friends, his name is as unfamiliar as that of Sir Henri Deterding, the Holland oil magnate, or other similar "silent giants" of finance. Yet Kielberg's sway is literally colossal. He is the principal factor in one of the most essential raw materials required by the civilized world.

Glance back to 1903 and observe the status of molasses then. Known in the trade as "black-strap" molasses or "final" molasses, this by-product of cane sugar manufacture was rated as valueless residue, and the mere matter of its disposal was vexing and expensive.

Two ways of getting rid of it were to mix it with cattle feed and to use it as fuel, but its accumulation at the sugar plantation mills was rapid, and the greater part of this potentially golden "waste" was calmly thrown away. Disposal companies were actually paid for carting it off and dumping it into deep water, where it wouldn't "bother anybody."

What a change has been effected—largely through Kielberg's pioneering—in the intervening years? Today molasses is indispensable to more than 400 products in world-wide use. The whole twentieth century chemical industry would have very tough sledding without the alcohol which it lavishly provides. "Black-strap" is the raw material base for ninety-eight per cent of the industrial alcohol produced in the United States. In 1927 that country imported over 250,000,000 gallons as against less than 4,500,000 gallons in 1907.

Industries to which "black-strap" is essential in Uncle Sam's domain are capitalized at $1,250,000,000, thus giving employment to over 350,000 persons. The value of its output in the American chemical industry, through its past twenty-year progress, has multiplied eighty times.

Similar astounding advances in the automotive industry are recorded. The making of nitro-cellulose lacquer, artificial leather, enamels, quick-drying paints, electric light bulbs, insulating materials, artificial silk, anti-freezing solutions—these are a few, and only a few, of its very practical applications for manufacturing automobiles.

How extraordinarily unaware we laymen are of the things that quietly minister to our comfort, our luxury, even to our necessities! If you were to stop a coonskin-coated college kid and his girl in their low-slung roadster and tell them that a thick, gummy liquid was the propelling agent in getting them to their "date" that evening, their laughter would be raucous. But the preceding paragraph proves how wrong they would be. They probably wouldn't even realize that the denatured alcohol the garage man had used as insurance against a frozen cooling system and cracked cylinder heads—solely for their convenience—came from molasses.

MISCELLANY
Grouped articles which owe their demand to molasses derivatives.

Let us presume that, emboldened by your success, you went on to quiz the impatient motor car girl about the molasses industry, provided her fuming escort hadn't either put on full steam and vanished or intolerantly socked you.

You might venture to say to her, "Do you know just what molasses has contributed to that extremely effective costume of yours? No? Then I'll tell you. The crown of your chic hat, for one thing. The trim shoes you're wearing. Those glinting combs in your auburn hair. The sheen on your synthetic silk stockings. Your pretty purse. Your jewelry—oh, don't be abashed because it's semi-precious."

And having baffled and chagrined—and incidentally instructed—your dainty victim, you could press your advantage even further. You could tell her, with flawless truth, that her personal preparation for the party had been largely contingent on that viscous molasses which she had hitherto associated only with buckwheat cakes.

As she sat at her toilet table, deft fingers flashing here and there from scent bottle to lipstick, from powder jar to buffer, she would be relying despite her innocent flapper ignorance, upon molasses. Cosmetics of all sorts and tints, delicate perfumes, the dentifrice with which she heightened the pearliness of her teeth, the pungent tonic she rubbed into her scalp, all the implements of manicuring—where would they have been without that vision in 1903?

"Vision," ordinarily, is a high-sounding word somewhat too indiscriminately applied to any man of a specific talent that gleans him a fortune. In the case of the Danish chemist, there is no chance of its misapplication, as briefest summary of the man and his work will show.

Born in 1882, of parents in moderate circumstances—both had devoted their lives to child welfare work—Kielberg left high school and got a job as junior clerk when he was seventeen, in the cattle feed business in Liverpool. Molasses was being modestly developed as a stock feed ingredient.

The thrifty Danish boy was aghast at the by-product's economic loss. Possessing an amateur knowledge of chemistry, he looked about him for new uses for this gummy syrup. His survey was, curiously, being paralleled by experts of other large companies in the United States.

His employers applauded his efforts, took him into partnership, and in 1907 the first statistical reports of "black-strap" as a world-commerce material were printed. Today his fortune is estimated at many millions. He is a philanthropist, art collector and globe-girdler. He has homes in many countries.

But turn your eyes aside, for a moment, from the velvety syrup that is inundating your cakes, and examine some interesting facts about molasses. How much of this precious stuff is there is the world? Where does it come from? How are its classifications sub-divided? How is it transported?

Official figures indicate that the world of commerce today has at its command about 2,000,000 tons of "black-strap" (which means approximately 190 gallons per ton). Its chief producers are Cuba, the other islands of the West Indies, and the colonial possessions of France and Great Britain.

Java, which a decade ago was almost entirely unexploited as a molasses centre, now ranks second of the export countries. Only Cuba surpasses it.

The four main divisions of "black-strap" are Alcohol, stock feed, yeast and edible (for sweets, syrups and similar products). Far and away the greatest number of uses are for alcohol—the grain variety to which a denaturant is added. This is commercially of tremendous importance, since molasses is the cheapest and most satisfactory raw material which science has found for the purpose.

The transportation problem for years bothered first-class brains and turned vexed heads white with worry. The "black-strap" is very heavy and viscous, and it was not until iron steamers capable of carrying huge cargoes had been substituted for the old wooden vessels with sails that the molasses manipulators began to see daylight. Tank ships were a later development. Today the seven seas are flecked with a great fleet of motored tankers—over 200,000 tons of modern shipping running on practically a railroad schedule and almost circumnavigating the globe.

Thus has money, magically made, flowed unceasingly from the mouth of the lowly molasses jug—as strange and golden a vessel as that mythological ewer that gave forth perpetual milk and honey, liquids dear to the palate, but scarcely rated at beyond $1,000,000,000!

An illustration in one instance, as quoted in The Commerce Monthly, reveals that in the making of non-beverage alcohol molasses appears as against corn in the ratio of 267,404,210 gallons compared with 7,948,184 bushels of the more famous ingredient. The humble raisin sneaks in for a record of 10,706,920 pounds, and rye rates only 12,678 bushels, with malt about fifty times as voluminous.

Kielberg, differing from many men who have achieved huge fortunes in their own lifetime, is reputed a good-natured trader and those who know him best say he never drives hard bargains.

As a charity donor he is anonymous. In various European centres where he has many workers of the peasant class he has bought tracts of land and built homes which he donates to his employees.

Usually worthy employees are given homes outright as gifts, these being voted for long and faithful continuous service as well as work of outstanding merit.

In such sections the ownership of a home usually is regarded as out of reach of even the hope of the low-wage classes. For time-payment homes are not as widely bought and sold on the other side as they are in every suburb and hamlet in North America. Molasses artizans, therefore, are becoming real estate proprietors as against almost any other group in their respective territories.

MEDICINE TIME

David was not very well, and as his mother crept into his bedroom she whispered, "Are you awake, dear?"

"No," snorted David, "and the doctor said particularly I was not to be awakened to have my medicine!"

SILENCED

"My dear," remarked Jones, who had just finished reading a book on "The Wonders of Nature." "Nature is marvelous! When I read a book like this it makes me think how puerile, how insignificant is man."

"Huh!" said his wife, "a woman doesn't have to wade through 400 pages to discover that."

USEFUL TALENT

"Brown said he was painting now and had sold four pictures—he inherited his talent from his father."

"Was he a painter?"

"No, a picture seller."

A Page For CHILDREN

Europe Learns to Make Paper

BRITISH COLUMBIA has become a great paper manufacturing country. The inventors of the great art of making paper would be astonished if they could see the process by which the trees of our forests are turned into the paper of which our books and newspapers are made and on which we write our letters.

We read sad news from China in these days of strife and famine and suffering of many kinds. Dr. Guppy, the librarian of the Rylands Library in Manchester (one of the finest in the world) had a different story to tell when he spoke of the progress of paper making not long ago. His speech was reported in My Magazine, and tells us that paper was one of China's most complete inventions. Nearly a thousand years before it set out on its triumphal progress to the West paper-making was a fully-developed art in China. The date of the invention is carefully recorded as A.D. 105 and Ts'al Lun is generally regarded as the inventor.

Papers of every kind, made of rags, fishing nets, hemp, as well as plant and cotton fibre, were used in China for a thousand years before we knew anything about it in the Western world, and the invention of rag paper has been pushed back to the second century in China.

The great secret of paper-making was kept inside the Chinese Wall for six centuries, then the Arabs of Samarkand got hold of it.

War broke out between two Turkish chieftains, one of whom appealed to China for help, the other appealing to the Arabs. The Chinese were defeated, and among the prisoners were some paper-makers, who revealed the secret to their Arab captors. A factory was set up in Samarkand about the year 751, and the making of paper became an important trade. In 793 a rival factory was opened at Bagdad, where the famous and infamous Haroun al Raschid introduced Chinese workmen. Thence the secret spread to Damascus, which supplied Europe for several centuries with what is known as Charta Damascena. For five hundred years paper-making was an Arab monopoly in the West.

"It would have been quite easy," said Dr. Guppy, "for the secret to pass directly from Damascus into Europe, but it took quite another route. It passed along North Africa and through Egypt in the eighth century, where it steadily displaced papyrus, which had been the common writing material in that continent for at least 3,000 years." From Egypt the secret passed to Morocco, about 1100, and then to Spain, which was its first appearance in Europe.

For a century the manufacture of paper remained in the hands of the Saracens, but as the Christian conquests under the Crusades advanced it was passed on to France, where the first recorded paper mill in Christendom was set up at Herault in the Pyrenees, in 1189 although for still another century Europe's needs were largely supplied from the Saracen mills of Damascus and Spain.

About 1276 the secret spread to Italy, which became Europe's chief source of supply in the fourteenth century. In 1391 the first paper mill in Germany was set up at Nuremberg, while England obtained her supplies from Italy, France and Germany down to 1494, when John Tate set up his first mill at Hereford seventeen years after Caxton began to print.

It was this coming of paper into Europe that made printing possible, and it was the invention of printing which made the use of paper general.

Snowed-Up

OLD Granny Dakin lived all alone in a little whitewashed, stone-roofed cottage on the steep hillside of Sparrowpit, forty years ago, in the days when Winters were Winters, among the dales and hills of the Derbyshire Peak.

It was Christmas Eve. All day long the lowering sky had been the color and the weight of lead, and down the valley the bitter East wind had rushed and raved like a wolf. When at last the snow began to fall, and went on falling unceasingly, Granny Dakin gave up and thought the best place for her would be between the blankets of her old four-poster bed.

All night long the storm raged till it spent itself at last. A great peace fell on the world.

Granny thought it was warmer when she woke, but very dark. She lit the candle to see what the time was in the night; and lo and behold! the grandfather clock ticking solemnly by the wall announced that it was nine o'clock in the morning.

Granny looked round. The casement window set in the great thickness of the old wall was blocked by snow. She tried to open her front door, but might as well have tried to push the hillside away.

"Well, seemingly I am snowed up," said the old dame. "It is a mercy there is a little extra coal and food in the house for Christmas. When my son at Chapel-en-le-Frith has dug himself out he will come and do the same for his mother. In the meantime I will light the fire and make a pot of tea."

As Granny raked out the ashes from her grate she sang to herself and cut a little joke, though there was none to hear. "I must do as Grandson George does and call for Father Christmas up the chimney. Father Christmas! Father Christmas! Come and help an old woman in distress!"

She sat back on her heels and waited, as the child would have done; and was very much taken aback to hear a rustling sound. Something was climbing down the wide chimney, a heavy body.

Down it flopped, sneezing, coughing, shaking out clouds of soot—not Father Christmas but a fine, red fox.

He was no more afraid to see Granny than she was to see him; perhaps he had once been a pet, or the storm had tamed him. He fawned and grinned and wagged his great brush like a dog when she told him that he was a very pretty fellow; and when she put down, most extravagantly, a bowl of bread and milk for him, he just breathed over it and it was gone. Then he leaped up the grate and scrambled back the way he had come.

"Seems to me as if my chimney top must be plumb level with the hillside," said she, "and the creature has taken it for a rabbit hole."

Little as the old lady realised it, there was nothing of her cottage showing at all except the mouth of the chimney top. The whole house was sunk deep in the heart of an immense snowdrift.

In the afternoon down he came again, more friendly than ever. He brought her a rabbit.

The next morning she was still a prisoner, but the fox had had good hunting. He carried the biggest rooster in her nearest neighbor's barnyard with him. Granny recognized the bird.

The third day help came. They had to tunnel in the snow before they could get at the old lady.

"Mother, you are looking wonderfully well," said her son as he drew her out.

"Well, though I have not exactly been fed by the ravens," said she, "a reynard has looked after me—saved me the trouble of sweeping the chimney in Spring, too."

But for some time to come her little grandson declared that Granny's friend was not really a fox but Father Christmas in a new guise.—My Magazine.

Grey Squirrels Love Music

MANY children have been delighted with the stories of "The Antics of Peanuts and Popcorn" that have appeared on this page for some weeks now. The little creatures seem to have enjoyed life and to love their owner.

Another lover of animals who lives among the mountains of the New England States tells us that his pets, grey squirrels, love music. His name is Dr. Merriam and he has written a book about "The Squirrels of the Adirondacks" in which he says:

"They were extremely fond of music (in the more comprehensive sense of the term), and it affected them in a peculiar manner. Some were not only fascinated but actually spellbound by the music box or guitar. And one particularly weak-minded individual was so unrefined in his taste that, if I advanced slowly, whistling "Just Before the Battle, Mother," in as pathetic tones as I could muster for the occasion, he would permit me even to stroke his back, sometimes expressing his pleasure by making a low purring sound. This was a grey, and I several times approached and stroked him as above described. I once succeeded in getting near enough to a black to touch him, whereupon he instantly came to his senses and fled. When listening to music they all acted much in the same way. They always sat bolt upright, inclining a little forward (and if eating a nut were sure to drop it), letting the forepaws hang listlessly over the breast, and, turning the head to one side in a bewildering sort of way, assumed a most idiotic expression."

Far Too Easy

A VERY famous doctor of theology had just preached in a village and was on his way back home, jogging along on his horse, dreaming, when he found that he had lost his way. A little farther on he met a peasant and inquired of the road he wanted.

The peasant recognized him and said: "Ah, sir, you are a fine man. I heard you preach in our church; I remember more of your sermon than of any other I ever listened to. I should like to hear half a dozen of the same kind."

"Very well, my friend," said the preacher, "you shall hear them one day; but please tell me which is the road to S."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the peasant. "God preserve me from trying to teach a man who knows everything a simple thing like that! Indeed you are making fun of me. Every little child knows the way to S. Good-bye, sir." And off he went.

Putting the Hood Up

WE have often thought that one or two bright boys would save the world from half its troubles if governments would only confide in them.

We feel sure they would have to be Scouts, and Scouts like the three we read of the other day. Two men were lunching in a cosy restaurant when they realised that it was raining heavily, and their car was outside with the hood down. Running out in horror, they arrived at the car in great delight, for the hood was up, and on the running board was a little wet note with these words:

"No trouble at all."

—Three Boy Scouts.

We thank the Chief Scout of the World and all his million little men for showing us every hour of the day how to be kind to somebody.—Children's Newspaper.

Obstacles should mean no more to you than an invitation to take off your coat and get busy.

Scene in Rest Camp Last Year

Mothers, Children and Hostesses at Last Year's Outing

How to Keep Well

THE following advice to medical students by a famous doctor is good for us all. Sir Thomas Barlow, one of the King's doctors, says we should aim for the maximum of good health and, having reached that maximum, never let it slip away. Work well all the week, but when Saturday comes see that the afternoon is spent out of doors. Walk, play cricket, football, hockey, golf—what game you will, but let it be in the fresh air and let it give you exercise.

Eat your meals placidly. Avoid scraps eaten in haste. Choose food sensibly and eat it slowly, and as to alcohol, the best of all is to try the experiment on yourself of doing without it!

Down in a Green and Shady Bed

Down in a green and shady bed
A modest violet grew,
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower;
Its color bright and fair;
It might have graced a rosy bower
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed;
And there diffused its sweet perfume
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go
This pretty flower to see
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

—Jane Taylor.

Queen Mary's Message

THE Lord Mayor of London sent to Queen Mary, on behalf of the citizens of that vast city, a message of sympathy. The answer of the devoted wife will be read by children as well as older people with feelings of love and loyalty. These are the words:

"I have received the message which, on New Year's Day, the Lord Mayor never fails to address to the King.

"This message, with its expression of loyalty, devotion, and sympathy, from the citizens of London, comes to me at a time of great anxiety. The King's illness must take its long and arduous course, but, please God, I may look forward to the lifting of the clouds, and to the happy realization of the nation's faith and hope.

"The love and affection extended to me and my children throughout these dark days have indeed been a support to me and to those near and dear to me, and when health and strength shall be, as we hope, vouchsafed again to the King, it will be a source of happiness to him to know that in his suffering he was ever in the thoughts of the citizens of London.

"I pray you, my Lord Mayor, to convey to one and all my heartfelt thanks."

Standing Still

AN old Negro was making his first Atlantic crossing. He did not spend much time on deck, but when he came up one morning for an hour or so, as was his custom, and saw the great expanse of ocean all around the vessel, he exclaimed in surprise:

"Well, if dat ain't funny! We are just where we was dis time yesterday."

Uncle Ray's Own Corner

Animals of Long Ago

Flying Lizards

AMONG the interesting creatures of long ago are those which we call "flying lizards." Their remains prove that they had wings, but the wings had no feathers.

Flying Lizards "On the Wing"

Flying lizards were of many sizes. Some were as small as sparrows. Others were the size of hawks, and still others were larger than any bird which flies at the present time. Their bones were thin and light, but very strong. It is not known just how they flew. Probably they sailed most of the time. When they did flap their wings, their flight was more like that of a bat than of a bird.

The largest flying creature of the present time is the albatross, but it does not measure more than twelve feet from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other. Some of the flying lizards were twenty feet from wing-tip to wing-tip! Their bodies were not large, however, and it seems that no flying lizard ever weighed more than twenty-five pounds.

One interesting thing about the flying lizard is the history of its "flying fingers." Its ancestors are believed to have been lowly lizards, crawling on the ground. They had front feet or "hands" with five "fingers" of sensible size. No doubt they used to jump into the air for insects.

In time webs grew between the little fingers and the body. Those webs helped the lizards flap the air when jumping from the ground.

Scientists believe that the "little" fingers kept growing longer and longer, until they were far longer than the others. The webs grew with the finger bones. By and by this kind of lizard found that it could jump into the air and stay there by flapping the big webs. The little fingers had become the outside bones of wings!

Flying lizards of the present time do not have wings and are not of the same family as those of which I speak. The present flying lizards glide on the air, using webs stretching from leg to leg.

Terrible Lizards

AMONG the animals which used to roam over North America were the dinosaurs or terrible lizards. They were of the lizard family, but some of them grew so large that they might not have wanted to admit such small relations.

A Three-Horned Lizard (After Knight)

Certain of the terrible lizards were no bigger than a cat or a dog. They weren't very "terrible," and I mention them only in passing. The ones which interest us more are those which were giant size.

Among the skulls in museums are some which belonged to the three-horned terrible lizards. Two of the horns pointed out from above the eyes. The third horn was above the nose. The bony "armor" around the head gave a fine protection, even though there was only a small brain to protect.

In a museum at Washington, D.C., is a skull which I am sure you would like to see. It belongs to a three-horned terrible lizard and has special interest because one horn was broken while the beast was alive. Probably the horn was broken during a fight. It "healed over" afterward, and its owner seems to have lived until he reached old age.

Old three horns must have weighed twice as much as an elephant. All we have to judge him by is his bones, but they show that he had a great deal of bulk, and it is estimated that he weighed about ten tons.

With all that weight of body how much do you suppose his brain weighed? We may answer that question by looking at the hollow in the skull which contained the brain. It is barely large enough to hold a man's fist! The brain of the huge animal could hardly have weighed more than two pounds.

Gives Rest to Tired Mothers

Sunshine and Fresh Air for Babies

VICTORIA is not a big city. Its streets are wide and the houses usually have space around them in which little children can play. Yet Friendly Help visitors, school nurses, ministers and others whose duty calls them into the homes of the sick, the poor or the unfortunate know that even here there are crowded homes where mothers must work every day and often part of the night. Their little children are ill-clad and have not always nourishing food. Fathers are sometimes sick or without work, or the mothers are widows and the children fatherless. Kind people are ready to help and actual suffering from cold or hunger are rare. But mothers who never have any leisure or recreation get very tired and the babies are pale and unhappy. That is the reason the members of the Social Service League have for some years brought poor mothers and their little ones out into the country for a fortnight or longer each Summer. They open the camp in May and do not close it till September.

While at camp the mothers just rest. They and their little ones get abundance of good, wholesome food and live in the open air. The children have so much room to play that they are as happy as the day is long.

Generous landowners at various places have till now either given or rented space for the camp. There are reasons why the League would like to own its own ground. It is not convenient to camp sometimes at Cordova Bay, sometimes at the Gorge or at the beaches, already crowded by families in better circumstances. Besides it costs more to set up a new camp every year than to put one in order that has been built for the purpose.

A Permanent Camp

THIS is why it has been decided to ask the people of Victoria to give money enough to buy a plot of land and to build upon it a suitable building for a dining hall and sitting-room where all may meet and tents where mothers and babies may sleep by themselves. This will cost $8,000, which, you will think, is a large sum. There are many rich and generous people in Victoria and the country round who will follow the example of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and give large donations. Many people will see that their poorer neighbors have a chance to share their pleasure.

The Children's Share

IT is hoped that many of the boys and girls, big and little, will help. Many of you have driven out to Sooke for picnics. It is near Saseenos that it is planned to make the camp. It is to be called Sooke Sunshine Camp.

It takes sixty-five cents a day to keep one person at the camp, and, it is hoped, the children will help to raise that money by the first of April. March has stolen in upon us, so there is not much time to lose. The camp is to be opened in May and will not be closed till September, so that every tired mother and every sickly little one in the city and district may be taken out for two weeks before the season is over.

Now don't think because you cannot give sixty-five cents all at once that you cannot help. Every five cent piece will be thankfully received. Thirteen of these will keep a little pale-faced toddler a day and will help to send him or her home fat and rosy. You know

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the solid land.

Perhaps you have heard the Scotch saying, "Many a mickle makes a muckle." The Colonist and Times newspaper offices and other places will receive contributions, small as well as large. Will the Brownies and older Guides and the Scouts and Cubs add to their many acts of kindness, this of helping with the Sunshine Camp.

There are many hundreds of girls who can sew nicely and many of their elders who would gladly buy the pretty things they make. These are just hints. You will each think of your own way of helping the Social Service League to make a Sunshine Camp that will last for many years after you are grown up.

A Boy Scout Anniversary

THE year just opening will be the twenty-first anniversary of the founding of Scouting, and as a compliment to the Chief Scout the annual International Jamboree is to be held in England instead of in the foreign capital whose turn it was.

Many thrilling Scout gatherings have taken place of late years, but it is expected that this Jamboree, to be held in August at Arrow Hall, Cheshire, will eclipse everything that has ever happened before.

There will be ten group camps, with 3,000 at each camp, consisting of Scouts from all over the world. These include 1,000 from America and France, 500 from Australia, and 400 from Hungary, while in our own country every twenty-seven troops will have fifty.

Every afternoon a march-past of more than three thousand Scouts will take place.

Naturally, the Scout world is eagerly anticipating this great Jamboree, and the excitement is shared also by their Guide sisters. The Chief Guide, Lady Baden-Powell, has sent a message to all Guides hoping they will visit the Jamboree, which, as she says, is to be "the biggest gathering of any juvenile organization that has ever taken place."

Lady Baden-Powell also appeals to the sisterly spirit of the Guides, and asks them to help any Scout troops that are being held back from sending representatives by lack of funds. —Children's Newspaper.

There's Always a Song Somewhere

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
There is ever a something sings alway;
There's a song of the lark when the skies are clear,
And the song of the thrust when the skies are grey.
The sunshine showers across the grain,
And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree,
And in and out, when the eaves drip rain,
The swallows are twittering ceaselessly

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Weather Prophets

Gulls fly inland when bad weather is coming.

Sheep turn their backs to bad weather.

Moths fly about in large numbers in the evening before a fine day.

Fish come near the surface of the water when rain is approaching.

Larks fly high before a fine day.

Donkeys bray loudly before rain.

The United States excels other countries in the very thing for which they are noted:

Italy, old as she is, can boast of but one Rome, while the United States can boast of fifteen. Just think of it—fifteen Romes!

Greece, old as she is, can show on her map only one Athens, while Uncle Sam can proudly point his finger to nineteen. Just think of that, will you—nineteen Athens!

She was his idol, so he said
That was before the bridal;
Alas, alas, since they've been wed
He finds she is his idle.

The Approach of Spring

The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

—Shelley.

THE long dull Winter is almost over and day by day the rising and setting of the sun are getting farther apart. A brisk walk over the crisp, crusted snow through a woodland trail is enough to convince one that Spring is very close at hand. The tall hemlocks groan under the weight of the lumps of snow perched precariously at the end of a branch. The slightest breath of wind upsets the lumps and a shower of fine flakes chills one as one passes under the trees.

Fantastic shapes loom like ghosts at either side of the trail. The sun shines fiercely, but has not enough heat to make a complete thaw. Everywhere small clumps of the russet-colored last year's bracken peep out from the midst of large clumps of snow.

One emerges from the forest into a swamp. On either side of the trail are clumps of willows. In some of the higher branches which the sun's rays reach are the white, wooly "pussies." The snow hasn't melted enough yet to make them grow into long yellow tassels loaded with yellow pollen. In the middle of the swamp the trail goes through a grove of alders, the silver trunks of which, lined up in an almost perfect row, make on the mind the impression that the massive pillars do in the aisle of a cathedral.

Out in the fields a few lonely, half frozen sparrows and chicadees flutter about vaguely. The hips and haws on the briar bushes have fallen off in the Autumn and hardly any food can be found.

Last Autumn the average person could have told that this Winter was going to be a hard one. On spare lots, particularly under those containing the garry oak, is found a small deciduous shrub belonging to the honeysuckle family. Its common name is "Snowberry." In late June and July the bushes are covered with dainty little pink bells. From the flowers a berry forms about six millimetres in diameter up to large berries sometimes thirteen millimetres across. The berry is white and appears in late August and September in large quantities. In composition it is of a floury nature, with small seeds embedded in it. The berry is somewhat like an apple of a variety that contains little juice.

Spring was promised about Christmastime. Snowdrops bloomed a week before Christmas and yellow crocus around the new year. On New Year's Day I saw several crows and robins, some black-capped chicadees and a small flock of slate-colored juncos while bicycling in the Fairfield district. On New Year's Day I was astounded to hear the clear trill of a meadow lark.

Up here in Shawnigan things are greatly retarded by the fourteen inches of snow we had. The only signs of Spring one notices here are a few miserable half-starved sparrows and the twitter of a Winter wren 'midst the bracken. A few pussy willow buds are bursting and showing their silver flowers and myriads of red alder catkins swing in the breeze.

"Why do you have an apple as your trade mark?" asked a client of a cash tailor.

"Well, well," replied the man, rubbing his hands, "if it hadn't been for an apple, where would the clothing business be today?"

Suburb and Country

Agriculture is a first principle: on it rests the life and happiness of mankind.—Julian A. Dimock

Care of Poultry on the Farm

By R. C. GIBSON

SCIENTIFIC poultry breeders contend that the egg-laying factor is hereditary in the male bird. Care should be taken, therefore, that no male is kept for breeding that cannot boast of a clean bill of health. The best birds are those which have been hatched from a hen in her second year—one that was not only a satisfactory layer, but laid at least forty or fifty large-sized eggs in twelve Winter weeks (November to January inclusive for preference). The constant improvement of utility poultry should be the aim of all who have the industry at heart. There is unfortunately a tendency to weaken the stamina and vigor of British Columbia-bred poultry by obtaining very high egg records, and this in all cases must be guarded against. Maturity on one side of the union is necessary to build up a strong, vigorous and prolific flock of layers. Investigations having conclusively proved that many of the failures of poultry breeding and rearing can be traced to breeding from yearlings or immature parents, I would direct attention to the importance of seasonable hatching. If stock are late hatched, maturity is seldom reached before midwinter and the egg-producing and general organs fail in vitality and constitutional vigor. Whether for exhibition, laying or the table, loss will be avoided if late hatched, immature stock or pullets are denied the breeding pen. Increased egg production will reward early Spring hatching from matured stock and more rapid flesh production results from chickens reared during the first six months of the year—a fact which poultry farmers cannot afford to ignore. If this advice is followed, Winter eggs will be more plentiful and moulting hens in midwinter will seldom be seen. The need should be emphasized of hatching not only in the early months of the year, but from actual Winter layers. Almost any fowl will respond to the weather conditions of Spring and early Summer, when nature gives such valuable assistance. It is not from such stock that Winter layers will be bred, yet on many poultry farms and suburban poultry yards breeding operations are often conducted from Spring and Summer layers, and thus the evil is perpetrated.

Winter Laying Pen

THE male bird which sires the breeding pen must be bred from a reliable Winter laying pen, not necessarily with an exceptionally high record. Such a record may have been obtained by means of a stimulated diet, condiments and such like at the expense of the bird's stamina, and the result is hereditary weakness in the progeny. Individual egg records have often to give place to flock averages. Many poultry keepers use only early hatched, January or February cockerels, obtained from specialist scientific breeders, who guarantee the laying pedigree of the dam, size of egg and stamina. Farmers will do well to consider breeding and feeding problems. No branch of farming produces the same return on capital, where the same degree of intelligent care has been given as well-bred poultry. Further, no class of poultry keeper has the same advantages as the general farmer who generally has the housing accommodation at hand while food costs are at the minimum. Winter eggs from pedigree-bred flocks of poultry, given requisite shelter, can be obtained on a farm at half the cost of production in towns. The importance of keeping hoppers filled with limestone grit must be emphasised. This grit is most important, not only to grind up food in the gizzard, but for its mineral constituents, which include calcium carbonate, essential for the formation of the egg shell. Breeding stocks in particular require regular supplies of limestone grit to ensure strong-shelled eggs.

And again, another aspect! As the year gets old the poultry breeder's energies are mainly directed to the breeding pen and anticipating hatching arrangements, especially those who desire a few early hatched chickens which will be matured for the Summer shows, but unless exhibition is the goal of success, I do not advise any operations in this direction for another month, preferring to keep to safe and satisfactory methods, which are to hatch all heavy breeds or sitters in March and all non-sitters or the smaller varieties in April or May. What the poultry keeper has to do now is to look well to the condition of his birds, to see that they are well sheltered from the wintry weather, kept in a perfect state of activity by means of a scratching shed in which all grain is scattered and fed with good, nutritious food, so that the egg production may not suffer, despite Winter's fierce blast.

Vigorous Condition

THE birds have to be kept in a vigorous condition, and with a superabundance of health they will lay eggs in abundance. There are many, however, who find they have a broody hen or two and would like to utilize her services, but I would warn such poultry breeders to exercise great care and give the hen every comfort. Of course it is not natural for a hen to go broody in midwinter, Summer is her proper time, when such breeds as the Orpington, Dorking, Wyandotte and even the long-legged Langshan take their annual rest, but fanciers have by year after year hatching earlier altered the natural period, and it is now very common for anyone keeping the heavy varieties to have a few broody hens in February. First we have to ascertain that she is in good condition and has sufficient fat and flesh to stand the incubation, and it is wise to give her plenty of Indian corn and maize, for fat means heat, or to be correct, warmth. She should be tested after a few days by allowing her to sit on a few pot eggs, and needs a little coaxing, or she will quickly change her mind and desert her nest and valuable eggs. It is generally best to set two broody hens in case of any trouble occurring in this respect. For Winter months I strongly advise nesting boxes, which should be placed on the ground in order that the hen may draw up by the heat of her body the needful humidity for the successful hatching of eggs. Such boxes may have a wire netting—one-inch mesh—bottom to prevent the trouble of rats. They should be fifteen inches square and have a wooden front (with plenty of holes made to provide ventilation), which should have hinges to let down when the hen comes off for food and a dust bath.

Making the Nest

THE nest should be made with a saucer-like cavity and be covered to a nice depth with good oat straw—I object to hay, as it breeds insect pests—or, better still, the leaves of the bracken fern well beaten down. A dozen eggs is an ample number for the colder months, and the hen should be given her eggs always at night, while if the eggs have traveled by road or rail, they must have twelve hours rest. Here let me advise that only new laid eggs are used; this is one of the great essentials to successful hatching.

Feed on Grain

ALLOW the hen to come off for about ten minutes every day to feed (on grain) and have a little water, and have a dust bath ready, which she will frequently have recourse to. If the air is very frosty, I advise that the eggs should be covered whilst the hen is off. On the seventh to ninth day the eggs should be carefully tested by encircling between the finger and thumb and held before a strong light, when a dark speck or living germ will be seen. The advantage of using two broodies will be here seen, as in Winter fertility is sometimes difficult to obtain, and of the two sittings of eggs half may be unfertile, so that in such a case the latter may be replaced and given all to one hen and the fertiles under the other. No time should be lost in testing or the eggs may get chilled, for we must remember the shell is porous, thus giving air to the embryo chick. In conclusion, let me advise all who contemplate hatching chickens this year to try by every means in their power to improve the strain and quality of their stock. It will only mean a dollar or so expended to obtain the best and most productive of stock, for poultry breeders have awakened to the fact that "better poultry and more of it" is now in daily demand, and the day is long past for mediocre fowls, which are as unprofitable as they are unsightly.

Little Things

YES, the weather has been very trying, but "forewarned is forearmed." In a few weeks you will forget all about it.

Yes, I knew you would! The mustard is "all there."

That was a good idea, boiling the turnips, carrots and parsnips, mashing all up in their own water and mixing it in the morning mash. That is true. By following the "correct directions" many things seem quite "easy."

Bravo, Patsy—I am very pleased to hear that the advice given in these notes has proved so successful and that the bird is "progressing fine." Long may it so continue. Many thanks for good mashes, which the writer of these notes heartily reciprocate.

Winnie writes to say: "Father has got some bantams." That is nice. Won't you look after them, Winnie? Do not feed them too well.

Good Tomatoes

THE tomato season is again in full swing. All but a few have sown their main crop varieties, whilst the "early birds" already have a nice crop of seedlings potted. Many growers' plants will have got as far as the "first transplanting" stage. It is not too late to sow seed yet, but, if you want the highest success, do so at once. Let us impress upon you that seedlings must get plenty of light and air, but not cold air. Keep the plants on a sunny, warm (not forcing) shelf and on no account give them anything but plain water. Seed-sowing undoubtedly gives the cheapest plants, but some gardeners may find it their best to purchase plants. Extra strong plants, exports, still at this time cost from two to five cents, perhaps more. Transplants from boxes will cost about half that. Such plants do very well if they are potted up in three and a half inch pots as soon as you receive them. When your bought plants arrive, pot them up in a mixture consisting principally of pure loam and sand. Should the plants be shrivelled, moisten the moss round them, drop the parcel in a wetted pot and let them stand in a moist atmosphere in the greenhouse for a few hours. When potting, avoid manure, but do not hesitate to add some sifted leaf soil, if the compost appears to lack fibre. Tomato plants should always be buried a little deeper than formerly, every time they are repotted. Bury small plants to the first pair of leaves and make them fairly firm. Water them well, but not excessively. Should the temperature of the house be low it is not wise to let strong sunshine play on them after they are potted up, a sheet of paper is sufficient to shade them in the circumstances. Pot them on until they fill four and a half or five-inch pots with roots. They are then ready for their fruiting quarters. Plants which are fruited in pots are, as a rule, earlier than those grown in the borders, the restricted root space accounting for this. Loose planting must on no account be permitted here, for firm compost means short-jointed stems and prolificacy. No feeding is required until first fruits begin to swell; overfeeding has adverse influence on the final crop.

No doubt the preacher feels sure his sermon is appreciated when he sees some of his audience nodding.

Lasqueti—A Little-Known Island

School House, Lasqueti Island.

Richardson Bay, Lasqueti Island.

Lasqueti, a little known island, is situated in the Gulf of Georgia, eighteen miles from Nanaimo, fifty miles from Vancouver and about six miles north of Qualicum Beach, V.I. The island is admirably suited for sheep raising and fruit growing. Owing to its situation in the gulf the Winters are almost always mild, with very little snow and frost, the present Winter being exceptional and the severest for twenty-five years. Sheep can find pasture all the year round and there are no late frosts to affect the fruit crop. Apple, pear and plum trees produce heavily every year and the crop of small fruits is always good and would be a paying proposition to raise were there markets available.

Parts of the island are rocky and hilly, but afford good sheep pasture in the Spring and early Summer. The water supply is adequate, the land is good and, wherever cultivated, gives good crops and is specially adapted for the raising of potatoes.

A good road, suitable for automobile traffic, extends the whole length of the island from False Bay to the southeast end, with branch roads running in to ranches not situated on the main route. There are two wharves (stationary), one at False Bay, where the post-office is situated, and another at Tucker Bay and a floating wharf at Anderson's Bay. The Union Steamship Company's boat calls at False Bay weekly, on Monday when going North and on Wednesday when returning to Vancouver.

Mr. Williams has a small hotel and good general store at False Bay and there are Summer cottages for rent there with water and electric light supplied from the hotel plant. Other suitable places for Summer camps abound, notably at Boat Cove on the south and Windy Bay on the north sides of the island, with excellent beaches.

Two schools are in operation on the island, one at False Bay and another at Maple Grove. Divine services are occasionally held at the two school houses and also at the school building at Tucker Bay, the Presbyterian Coast Mission having charge of these services.

A telephone line extends the whole length of the island and is connected by cable with Sechelt, thereby affording opportunities of communicating with Vancouver and elsewhere, and facilitating the dispatch of telegraphic messages.

There is good shooting on the island, in season, for deer and pheasants, while there are trout in two of the three lakes and good salmon trolling anywhere round the shores. Some of the settlers have goats running on the hills and they appear to prosper wonderfully seeing that they have little or no attention.

The island has a Farmer's Institute and Agricultural Association, the latter holding annual fairs which are a success, the exhibits of vegetables, etc., always being very good and a fine testimonial to the quality of the land on which they are raised. There is still some land open for pre-emption and some places that could be acquired by purchase.

Garden Week by Week

By NORMAN W. F. RANT, F.R.H.S.

LITHOSPERMUM prostratum is a rock garden plant that one cannot have too much of. Some people have found it hard to keep, and there is one secret that has to be known to insure success with it. This is that it hates lime. In well-drained soil, not too rich and, of course, free from lime, planted so that it may trail down a rock face and where it may be well watered in the growing season, it will be quite happy. Like most plants, it varies somewhat in the color of its flowers, which are normally blue, but the form to which the name "Heavenly Blue" has been given is a brighter, cleaner blue than the type.

The main flowering time is May and June, and then the plant is a veritable mat of blue, which contrasts beautifully with the greens, the whites and the yellows of its companions in the rock garden.

In Every Garden

SAXIFRAGA Cotyledon pyramidalis is one saxifrage that should be in every rock garden. It is easy to manage, very showy, and most attractive at all seasons of the year. In its native habitat it keeps away from lime, but in the garden it does not seem to mind lime in a well-drained position. It is best planted in the higher parts of the rock garden, for its great panicles of white flowers may then show themselves to advantage, bowing their weight of white flowers and bending in the breeze. Even if this plant never flowered, it would still be one of the most attractive plants in the rock garden, for its wide rosettes of long grey-green leathery leaves, beaded at their edges with tiny dots, make it a thing of beauty at all times. There are many forms of Saxifraga Cotyledon, but the variety pyramidalis is probably the best of all.

A Fine Heath

ERICA Darleyensis is a hybrid heath, being a cross between Erica Mediterranea and Erica carnea. It was a chance seedling and originated in the heath garden of Messrs. James Smith, of Darley Dale, Derbyshire, and hence the name which connects the plant with its birthplace. Its foliage is like that of its two parents, but it has the spreading habit of carnea with the influence of Mediterranea in the height to which it reaches (about two feet). A single plant at the Royal Horticultural Society's gardens at Wisley measured nearly that in height and four feet six inches in diameter. It flowers a month earlier than carnea and, like that species, is tolerant of lime. It is quite one of the best heaths for the garden.

In the great family of primulas there are few that are unworthy of a place in every garden, but there are many that do not live there long. However, there is one that anyone may grow and have in abundance, and that is Primula Pulverulenta. It is robust and a true perennial, adaptable and lavish in its seeding and may be said to be everybody's primula. Even in smoky districts it does well. It grows best at the moist edge of a bog garden, but it may be grown anywhere provided it has abundance of water.

Many Hybrids

IT was discovered by E. H. Wilson in 1905 in West China, and the seed was sent to England to Messrs. Veitch by him. It quickly established itself and, unlike its relative, Primula Japonica, which seldom crosses, it soon became the progenitor of many beautiful hybrids. The flowers of the type are purple, but, owing to the various crosses which have taken place, plants may be had in many shades of pink, purple and mauve. It is a plant for every garden. The flowers are borne on long pedicels, tier on tier, and the stems and flowers are covered with a copious meal, giving a silvery touch to the plant which is most attractive.

A Chinese Species

ROSA Hugonis is a Chinese species and forms a very vigorous bush with bright yellow flowers borne singly on short shoots along the main branches. It flowers very early in the rose season. Its leaflets are rather small, but the leafy mass of the bush gives a beautiful effect throughout the Summer. It was originally raised at Kew from seed sent there by Father Hugh Scallan, a missionary, and was named in his honor.

Many species of Ceanothus bear blue flowers, and since blue is a favorite color in the garden and rare in shrubs, they are particularly precious. Ceanothus Gloire de Versailles is not a wild plant, but was raised in France and avoids to a great extent the tenderness of the type which is rarely happy except against a south wall. It makes a large round deciduous bush and stands the Winter well, but it should not be pruned until April. It flowers from July onward and its habit of flowering late in the Summer makes it even more acceptable, for at that season flowering shrubs are rare.

A woman troubled with nightmares and who frequently cried out in her sleep was advised by her doctor to live with a cheerful family in order that her nerves might improve.

She accordingly advertised for a room with "a family who would not object to screaming in the night."

She received several answers, and among them was one which asked, "How often would you require us to scream?"

Two Saanich Attractions

Article No. 19—By GEO. M. WATT

AMONG the many attractions on Saanich Peninsula, apart from its agricultural and industrial features, are Butchart's Gardens, situate on Tod Inlet, and the Astrophysical Observatory on Little Saanich Mountain. So much has already been written in describing both these places that it seems superfluous to say more, but when it is noted that over 20,000 tourists visited both the observatory and gardens last July and August, it may be as well to give them some additional publicity.

The tourist trade has done much for the State of California and now is a big factor in Victoria and Vancouver Island, and much of this is due, as Hon. R. L. Maitland, K.C., said last week, to the fine service given by Mr. Butchart, who had done more for Victoria and the Province, quietly but generously, than any other man in throwing open what are undoubtedly the most beautiful gardens in Canada.

Butchart's Gardens

BUTCHART'S Sunken Gardens, Brentwood Bay, are reached by a most delightful drive of eleven miles from Victoria. They feature, besides the great sunken gardens, with their blossom-covered walls a hundred feet high, and the lake into which many waterfalls fling their silver argosy, acres of rose gardens with their heavily-hung pergolas, stretches of velvet lawns bordered with flowers of every description, Italian gardens and a Japanese or fairy garden, in which miniature trees and shrubs predominate, and tiny, tinkling waterfalls and wee rustic bridges and summer-houses, and maidenhair ferns and lily of the valley are found. These gardens are a perfect wonderland and, it is said, not in all of America are there any more beautiful and diversified gardens than these.

Victoria's Paradise

IN referring to Butchart's Gardens, a party of British journalists, who visited here a few years ago, said it was told as a joke in Vancouver that people don't have to die in Victoria; they are in Paradise already and, like Omar Khayam, many of the newspaper party felt that Butchart's Gardens were "Paradise enow." They are certainly "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," and few people in Eastern Canada and elsewhere have any idea of the great work which this quiet, unassuming lady and gentleman, Mr. and Mrs. Butchart, have done at their home in laying out and caring for a veritable fairyland. The newspaper party referred to said: "We have read of the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome, but we have never yet seen anything that could compare with the Butchart's Gardens, and if knighthood was still in flower in Canada the King would be honoring not only the recipient but all in Canada in singling out for distinction Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Butchart." The latter's home, too, tastefully and luxuriously furnished, breathes the same air of generous hospitality as do the gardens. An artistic home, situate in the midst of such beautiful surroundings, must be a continuous source of inspiration. In addition to everything which one would expect to find in such a home, including a marble swimming pool and a conservatory, there is situate right in the centre a large electric organ, so built that panels open from the pipes into various rooms, where, as the visitors sat listening, the strains of Schumann's "Traumerei," Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" and other favorite melodies "came o'er the ear like the sweet south wind that breathes upon a bank of violets."

We leave Butchart's Gardens not a little saddened by the fact that there are yet people who, graciously permitted to use grounds almost as they would a public park, express their appreciation by marching over the flower beds, smashing down branches and carving their names on the tree trunks.

The Dominion Observatory

THE Astrophysical Observatory is built on the top of Little Saanich Mountain, and is distant about six miles from Victoria. Dr. J. S. Plaskett, F.R.S., is director, and Mr. W. E. Harper assistant. The observatory is reached by good motor road and comfortable buses and is open to the public daily, Dr. Plaskett giving lectures to the public on Saturday evenings at 8 o'clock.

The observatory and the telescope, which is the second largest in the world, create a great deal of interest, and the scientific research work carried on here is giving publicity and favorable impressions of Canada's progressiveness in all parts of the world. Much astronomical work is done at the Ottawa Observatory, but the need was felt for a larger telescope, and in 1913 the Federal Government, after tests made across Canada, chose the present location on Little Saanich Mountain by reason of the low range of temperature and the steadiness of the star images under actual observing conditions.

The 72-Inch Telescope

THE seventy-two-inch telescope weighs forty-five tons and the revolving dome 135 tons, but in spite of this great weight they are quickly and easily moved into any position by electric power. It is most interesting, too, to watch Dr. Plaskett focus the machine. This great telescope differs entirely from the layman's idea of such an instrument, which he conceives as a nicely mounted brass telescoping tube with a lens at the outer end and an eyepiece at the inner. Such telescopes and the larger ones of the same type mounted at most observatories are refracting telescopes in which the light coming from the star or other object looked at is refracted through the object glass at the outer end of the tube and forms an image on the ground glass at the inner end, a real image similar to that formed on the ground glass of a camera, and this image is magnified by the eyepiece. In the reflecting telescope the outer or upper end of the tube is open and a concave mirror is placed at the lower end, which reflects the light back to the upper end, forming an image of the star there, where it can be magnified by the eyepiece as in the reflector.

The building in which the telescope is housed is circular, sixty-five feet in diameter, surrounded by a revolving dome. It is built entirely of steel. The dome, as well as the telescope, though not the largest, is the most complete in all mechanical details of any before built. A movable platform, raised and lowered by an electric motor across the shutter opening, enables the observer to conveniently reach the top of the tube. The whole dome is revolved by a motor operated by a switch on the same boards from which the telescope is set. Indeed, everything that could be thought of to facilitate the work of the telescope has been placed in the dome and mounting, and use has demonstrated the completeness and perfection of the whole equipment.

In the Front Rank

THE equipping of this observatory in such a splendid way places Canada in the front rank among the nations in astronomical research, as no other country has in its national observatory a telescope of half the size of this splendid instrument. The research work carried on here from a scientific and cultural point of view has a value all its own, and the work accomplished with this installation in its splendid location will undoubtedly help towards the solution of the problems of the constitution of the universe and will make Canada and Victoria in particular well known in the scientific world.

Saanich Peninsula is indeed a favored spot of land in many ways, and the Dominion authorities acted wisely and with forethought in locating the Dominion Astrophysical Observatory and also the Dominion Government Experimental Farm on this particular part of Vancouver Island, and we say again to newcomers there is every inducement for you to come and settle on Saanich Peninsula, where every prospect pleases and good fortune awaits you.

Revised Rabbit Standards

By R.C.G.

THE standards of excellence of one or two rabbits have recently undergone a change, and we publish the revisions below so that you will know what is now required, and breed for accordingly.

Chinchilla—Color: To resemble real chinchilla fur, the under color to be slate-blue at base, intermediate portion pearl grey, merging into white and tipped with black, the whole of the body fur from nape to flanks interspersed with longer hairs of jet black, both even and wavy ticking admissible; neck fur much lighter in color than body, but this is strictly confined to the nape, the flanks and chest to be ticked of a uniform shade of pearl grey, but of a slightly lighter shade than the body; the eye circles to be light pearl grey, distinct and well defined; the underparts of the body to be white with undercolor slate-blue. Thirty points.

Texture and density of fur: Exquisitely soft, fine and dense, not a "flying coat"; length of fur to be about one inch and not to exceed one and a half inches. Thirty points.

Condition: Firm in flesh, bright coat, bright eyes. Ten points.

Shape: Neat and cobby in type, fine in bone, free from dewlap. Ten points.

Ears: Small and erect, evenly ticked and to match the body in color, with upper part laced with jet black. Five points.

Head: Medium size, free from coarseness, well carried on short neck and to match the body in color. Five points.

Feet and legs: To be straight, fine in bone, the upper part of the feet and the outsides of the legs to be ticked of a uniform shade of grey and to match the flanks and chest, the insides of the feet and legs to be white with a blue under color. Five points.

Weight: Five and a half to six and a half pounds. Five points.

Blue Beveren—General appearance: Long, broad back, mandolin shaped, haunches well developed, tail carried close to the body. Fifteen points.

Size and condition: minimum weight for adults, seven pounds, but as large as possible consistent with maintaining the type and general appearance of the Beveren. Firm in flesh and good health. Ten points.

Coat: Silky, dense, lustrous, lying loosely on body; length of fur to be about one inch but not to exceed an inch and a half; density and texture to rank above mere length. Thirty points.

Color: Clear shade of light lavender blue extending to the skin. Twenty points.

Feet: Forefeet short, straight and strong, hindfeet in line with body; nails blue. Ten points.

Head: Bold but not too long, profile markedly bent, muzzle broad. Five points.

Eyes: Large, iris or eye circle to match as nearly as possible the body color. Five points.

Ears: Fairly long, well furred, carried erect to form a V. Five points.

Thought He Was Home Again

"Shut that door! Where were you brought up—in a barn?"

The man addressed complied meekly and silently. The first speaker observed that he was in tears, and going over to the man he apologised.

"Oh, come," he said soothingly, "you shouldn't take it to heart because I asked if you were raised in a barn."

"That's it, that's it?" sobbed the other man. "I was brought up in a barn, and it makes me homesick every time I hear an ass bray."